A GUIDE TO Eternity:

Extracted out of the

WRITINGS

OF THE

HOLY FATHERS

AND

Ancient Philoſophers.

Written Originally in *Latine*,

By *JOHN BONA:*

And now done into *Engliſh*,

By Sir *Roger L' Eſtrange.*

The Fourth Edition.

London: Printed for *R. B. F. H. F. T.* and ſold by *Tho. Bennet*, at the *Half-Moon* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, 1694.

Bona (Giovanni) Cardinal

1489.h.28.

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THE
Author to the Reader.

IT is the end of this Preface, to encounter two Objections, which I expect shall be charged upon me: First, Why does he not practise what he recommends, and quit the World himself, before he takes upon him to teach others the way to Heaven? Secondly, What news does he tell us? Truly, no more than what we have a thousand times over, and better in other Authors: And this with a strange kind of Temerity and Confidence, he is willing to impose upon us for his own.

My Answer is (in the words of a wise man: *Horace.*)

——Fungor vice Cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ Ferrum valet, exors ipsa secandi.

My Business is to whet, not cut.

Or if I may take up the words of another great man: *I look upon the whole World, but as one large Hospital; and upon my self, not as a Doctor, but one of the Patients. If I can contribute any thing to a Publick Good, it's well. But however, while I write this, I am but talking to my self, and I make my Reader my Confident.* I do not pretend to be a Teaching Master, but a Teaching Scholar. I am desirous to learn of others, even when I instruct my self; for he that teaches, learns.

As to the second Objection, I shall prevent it by a most ingenious Confession of the naked Truth. There is very little of this Discourse, that I can ho-

neſtly call my own. The greateſt part of it, is what I have gather'd out of the Holy Fathers, and Ancient Philoſophers: And ſomewhat I have added out of my own Experience, which I have wrought together into one Confection; a good deal of it in the very words of the Author; and the reſt in my own ſtile, plain and accommodate to all capacities: for my buſineſs is not Rhetorick, but Good Life. And in order to that bleſſed End, I have here drawn up a Compendium of Moral Inſtitutions and Counſels (the beſt I could) out of the Writings of the Fathers, *Seneca*, *Epictetus*, *Antonius*, and others of the Ancients, both Chriſtian and Pagan. What I have found effectual in my own caſe, I have here communicated for the benefit of others; without ſo much as ſaying where I had it, without clogging my Paper with Citations, or playing the Orator. My Deſign is to work upon the Paſſions, not the Phanſie; and if the Phyſick be proper, no matter for the plainneſs of it, or who mingled the Potion. I might have enlarged, and I might have expreſſed my ſelf much better. But a few Precepts that are ready and at hand, are much more profitable to us than whole Volumes that overcharge the Memory and leave us at a loſs where to find them, when we have occaſion to uſe them. He that knows what belongs to his Salvation, has learn'd what is ſufficient. I wiſh with all my Soul, that this poor Eſſay (ſuch as it is) may conduce to a Publick Good: but however, that it may not riſe in Judgment againſt the Author, for not conforming in his Life to his Precepts.

THE

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A GUIDE TO ETERNITY.

CHAP. I.

Of Man's last End. The Danger of neglecting or mistaking it. The Means and Method of attaining it.

THE thing I have propounded in this Discourse, is to bring the Reader to Heaven, that is to say, unto that perfect state of Bliss, to which we are all directed by a Natural Impulse, as the principal End of our Being; and wherein there remains nothing further to be desired. As to the matter of *Happiness*; it is the common wish and business of Mankind: But such is the blindness of our depraved Condition, that instead of the True and Soveraign Good, we apply our selves to vain Appearances and Counterfeits. Some will have it to be in Wanting of Nothing, and consequently in

Riches: Others place it in Dominion and Power; Some again, in Voluptuousness and Pleasure, a mean and most ignoble Mistake. Thus we labour and toil to no purpose, and (like men in a wrong way) the more haste we make, the further from our Journeys end; hardly in any thing more unhappy than in not being sensible of our unhappiness.

II. AND this, in truth, is our great Misfortune that we purpose we know not what. Every man would fain live and die happy: But what true Happiness is, or how to compass it, there is not one of a thousand that understands. So that in all our Actions, Wishes and Endeavours we cross ourselves, without any regard to that Immense Good which ought to be the only and ultimate Object of our Consideration. The life we lead, is like that of the Pismire, a perpetual and fruitless Ramble and Agitation; one while up, and another while down, and still empty. The great Creator of all things made Man out of nothing, and he that gave us all, expects all, and to be beloved and served without a Rival, as the Author of our Being: And it is all but time lost, that we employ any other way. And yet, alas! How small a part of our Thoughts and Actions do we bestow upon that God unto whom the whole ought to be directed! A Christian should do in his life, as a Traveller does upon the way: He propounds to go to such a place, to take up his rest when he comes there, and so makes every step he sets an advance towards it. The only *Resting-Place* we can promise to our selves, is Heaven, and we are to bend all our motions and studies that way. Whatsoever withdraws us from it, misleads us to our eternal Destruction.

III. WE ought to behave our selves in this life, as in a Sea-voyage, when the Ship stops for fresh

freſh Water, a man goes aſhore, and entertains himſelf with ſhells and trifles by the by, but his mind is ſtill at Sea, and ſo ſoon as ever the Maſter calls, away he goes, leaves all, and returns to the Veſſel. So in the uſe and enjoyment of external things, (which are but as ſhells and trifles) we are ſtill to hearken after the call of our Maſter, and never to be ſo intent upon this world, as to forget the buſineſs of the next. Outward things ſerve us, to the end that we may ſerve God; without which we fall from the Divine Unity, and by giving up our ſelves to many unneceſſary things, we ſet up as many Idols, as there are Creatures which we love with an inordinate Affection, unto which, by a foul Sacriledge we offer up (not an Ox or a Goat, but) our ſelves, and our Salvation. God will have no ſharers, and it is againſt the Law of Love, to love any thing with him, but in him, and for him. It is no leſs than Damnation, to leave the Creator, and adhere to the Creature.

IV. WE may ſay of Minds, as the Prince of Phyſicians ſays of impure Bodies: *The more meat you give them, the more hurt you do them.* For in paſſing from an ill habit to a better, the Poiſon of a wicked life muſt be firſt vomited up, to prepare the Mind for receiving the more effectual Aliments of Vertue, which Purgation is to be wrought after this manner: There muſt be a kind of Expiation of ſins committed; all Affections toward them withdrawn, all evil Cuſtoms rooted out, all vicious Inclinations, and unruly Appetites are to be ſubjected to the Government of Reaſon: The Fleſh is to be kept under; the Neceſſities of Nature are to be provided for with Moderation; the Tongue and the Senſes are to be bridled; and whatſoever may give a check or interruption to

the ſpeedy gaining of Vertue is to be utterly exterminated. And why ſhould not all this be done? Where's the difficulty we fancy? What are we afraid of? A thing that we have in our own power: (He aſſiſting us indeed, who is all in all, and our beginning and end.) But we muſt firſt go out from our ſelves, before we can come at him, and the further we remove from the one, the nearer will our approach be to the other.

V. IN the firſt place, we are to reſolve within our ſelves, whither we are to go, and what it is we would have. The next Point will be, to learn out the way; and then to take notice from time to time how we proceed, and what progreſs we make in our paſſage. In order to this, we are impartially to examine our Conſciences, and obſerve the difference betwixt what we are, and what we ought to be. It will be too late to conſider, when we are in the Snare. We are to ſtudy how to tame our raging Luſts; how to curb our tormenting Fears: We are to enure our ſelves to the contempt of earthly things, by leaving them, before they leave us, and to part willingly with what we cannot long poſſeſs, to the end, that when our laſt hour comes, there may be the leſs matter even for Death it ſelf to work upon. But whatever elſe we do, let us be ſure to look to the main; and ſee that the Soul, which is firſt in Excellence, be not laſt in our care and eſteem. *What will it profit a Man to gain the whole World, and loſe his own Soul!* There can be no gain, where there is loſs of Salvation.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

He that would live well, let him chuſe a good Tutor. The Qualities of ſuch a Tutor, and the Duties of the Pupil.

I. AS the Service of God is the chief End of the very Being of Man; ſo is there not any thing more neceſſary for him that would make his Duty his Buſineſs, than to apply himſelf to the Counſel and Government of a Prudent Maſter. Does any man venture to travel in an unknown way without a Guide? Or ſo much as to take up a difficult Trade without an Inſtructor? There may be indeed ſome General Rules ſet down in writing for the benefit of the Abſent, or of Poſterity; but in the Particulars of When and How, there is no adviſing at a diſtance; nor without taking in all the Circumſtances, and deliberating with the things themſelves. It is in the Diſeaſes of the Mind, as in thoſe of the Body: A Phyſician can never preſcribe ſo properly to his Patient, what Diet, what Phyſick, by Letter as by word of mouth, upon feeling of the Pulſe, and inquiring into the ſtate and accidents of his Diſtemper. And this holds as well in the Maladies of the Soul. Some there are, which are not to be redreſſed, nor in truth diſcovered, but upon a Perſonal Conference and Obſervation. St. *Paul* himſelf (the deſigned Doctor of the *Gentiles*) was ſent to *Ananias*, after his Converſion, that he might learn from him the way of Life. He that undertakes upon his own ſingle ſtrength, to overcome the Perverſeneſs of corrupt Nature, to wreſtle with Spiritual Impieties, and

to break through all Obstacles and Impediments, to make his way to Vertue, will find it a hard and a laborious Task. It will concern us therefore, to call in some charitable Assistant to our Aid, that may lay open to us the Dangers we are to encounter, the Frauds and Stratagems of the Enemy, and teach us how to win the Field in the Day of Battel. If you ask, what kind of Man must this be? Let him be a Person of Wisdom and Fidelity: One that has both a Will and a Power to do us good: One for whom we have a Reverence without Dread: One that seeks rather our Amendment than our Punishment, and that lives better than he speaks. He that preaches one thing, and does another, is not worthy of this Trust.

II. HE must be no Flatterer neither; no Cajoler of the People, on the one hand, nor a Frequenter of Great Mens Tables, or the Courts of Princes on the other. I would have him as well skill'd in manners, as the Goldsmith is in Moneys; shew him any Coyn, any Affection, he shall tell you what it is; or like an experienced Physician, presently make a Judgment of the Disease, and prescribe you the Remedy. Such a one he must be, as is able to dive into the Secrets and Recesses of the Inward Man, and to suit himself to the Humours and Dispositions of those he has to do withall, in order to their spiritual advantage. One that is not transported by his Passions, but teaches and invites Offenders in the Spirit of Meekness: One that has learn'd how to detect, and disappoint all the Artifices and Crafts of the Devil: One to whom a man may securely commit the most recondite Privacies of his Soul, and Confess himself without a blush: One, in fine, that can distinguish betwixt good and evil. And *happy is he that finds such a Treasure.*

III.

III. WITH such a Friend we are to communicate in all Conditions, and upon all Occasions, without any Scruple or Reserve, and to take his Opinion along with us in all cases, whether good or evil. Now we are to conjure him to tell us freely of our faults, wherein we do amiss, without any sort of Difficulty. And when he spares us, as if we had none, we are not presently to take for granted, that we are innocent: but rather to impute his silence, either to his lothness to disoblige us, or to his despair of reforming us. And we are then to press him with more earnestness, and to shew him by our actions, the desire we have to profit by his Reproofs, and to square our Lives for the future, according to his Direction. It will be a good sign, if we love him the better for his Reprehensions, and take delight in them: When we are come to that pass once, we shall still part with him, either better than he found us, or in a fair way to it. *In the Distempers of the Mind, it goes far, if one has but a good will to be cur'd.*

IV. THESE are the mutual Offices of the Master, and of the Scholar; that the one be well disposed to confer a benefit, and the other to receive it: And truly the former can hardly fail, without the extreme Obstinacy, Impatience, or Incapacity of the latter. There are some people so over-conceited of their own Abilities, that they will never endure to be advis'd by any body else. *All this* (they cry) *is no more than what I could have told you. To what purpose do you trouble me with what I knew before?* But I say, on the other side, that *it is to very great purpose.* There are many things we know, which we do not at all times so well heed and consider; and in such cases, the Admonition is not so much intended to inform

the Understanding, as to quicken the Memory; and rather to do the Office of a Remembrancer, than of a Tutor. In other cases, there is nothing so evident, but men will pretend Ignorance: So that the Suggestion of Matters (even the most manifest) must not be omitted, for Vertue does then more vigorously exert her self, when she is touch'd and provok'd. Some People there are that have not the Face to acknowledge an Error; (a most ridiculous and unmanly sort of Modesty!) Others have not the Heart to do it, but fret inwardly, and smother all in a stomachful silence, falling foul, like Bedlams, upon the Physician that would cure them. This mischievous Secresie and Reserve, proceeds undoubtedly from the Temptation of the Devil, who needs never despair of gaining his end, so long as he can keep himself close and undiscover'd. Our Ulcerated Bodies, let them be never so offensive and loathsom, we can expose to the Chirurgion or Physician, in hope of Remedy, even without a blush: But what a stir we make, to hide the blemishes and infirmities of our Souls, as if to conceal them, were really to take them away; when yet we are not able to hinder them, even from betraying themselves. He that will not own himself to be wounded, shall never be cur'd.

V. LET a Physician tell us: *You have such or such a Disease, you are dangerously ill. Have a Care, you neither eat nor drink any thing to day, but this or that*: So far are we from taking this Liberty amiss, that on the contrary, we reckon it for a favour, and give him thanks and money for his pains. But let any man tell us, that we are sick of Burning Lusts, Vain Opinions, Inordinate Affections, it puts us into a Rage, as if it were an Affront to be reveng'd with Fire and Sword. Never such a Dishonour!

To

To tell me that I am Proud, Lustful, Covetous, *&c.* An Indignity not to be born by Flesh and Blood! And where lies the Injury now? Wretched Creatures that we are! Why may we not as well quarrel with a Glass, that shews us an ill Face, as with a Friend, that shews us a Vicious Mind? It should be our Business to correct what is amiss, to amend our Lives, and cleanse our Hearts from all Corruption; and so to live, that the World shall not condemn us.

CHAP. III.

Of Purgation from Sin. The very Disposition to Sin, as well as the Sin it self is to be rooted out. No Remedy more effectual against it, than the Consideration of Death and Eternity.

I. SIN is the Cause of all Evils, and he that commits it, is out of his way to his last End. It is the Seed of all our Miseries, and the Poison of Humane Nature. The Malignity of it is better understood after the doing of it, than in the Act it self. The Binding of the Living together with the Dead, to destroy the one with the Stench of the other, is not much unlike the Punishment which Divine Justice has allotted to heinous Sinners. They are ty'd up to the Plague, and there's no escaping. A bad Action is no sooner conceived, than it brings forth its own Torment: So that he that will not endure something, that he may not do evil, must endure a great deal because he has done it. This it is, that brought Death into the World, and kindled Hell-fire. We are therefore

to cleanse our Consciences by Contrition, Confession, and Satisfaction: Neither are we to shun the more grievous sins only, but even those too, which we esteem as the least and slightest, which tho' they do not hurry us immediately to destruction, they do yet, insensibly dissolve our strength, weaken us, and bring us to ruine in the end. And if the Vessel miscarry, what matters it, whether it be swallow'd up at once, or by taking in water drop after drop, which being neglected, carries it to the bottom at last. The easier the prevention, the more shameful is the disaster; and the weaker the Adversary, the greater is the dishonour of being overcome.

II. WE must never expect to graft Vertue in the mind, 'till we have given over hankering after even the smallest Vices. It signifies nothing, to have the Body in the Wilderness, and the Mind in *Egypt*. It is not enough to forgive injuries, and to relinquish our more notorious and beastly lusts, if we still take pleasure in lewd Communication, and the Vanities of this World. Ill habits must be torn up by the Roots, that they may never shoot again: It is not the bare lopping of the Branches that will serve the turn. In some religious fits, we are apt to say (yes, and perchance to think so too) that we are now absolutely resolved upon a new life, and to quit the World with all the Corruptions and Vanities that attend it. Why do not we bolt the door then against them, but only put it to? Oh how we are troubled to think of the course we have led! And who is not? I beseech you, Is there any man so wicked as not to disallow himself in his most beloved sins, even in the very act of committing them? But what avails it to renounce them in discourse, and yet to embrace them

them in practice. No man has a Conscience so seared, as not at some time or other to reflect upon his wickedness with detestation: But then they are soon friends again; whereas, he that is truly converted, lays the Ax to the root, and leaves not the least string behind him. He grows so jealous of his frailty, and so suspicious of himself, that he starts at the least occasion, at the very shadow of evil.

III. WHY do we so ridiculously cavil then, and urge the frailty of Humane Nature, in Plea against the Commands of the Almighty? Does not he that made us what we are, and gave us what we have, know best what we are able to do? Blind and impious Temerity! That Dust and Ashes should presume to expostulate with the most high God! As if he imposed more upon us, than we are able to perform; and designed rather our Misery than our Salvation. By this perverseness, of pretending difficulties where there are none, we provoke the displeasure of the Lord against us; who hath enabled us to do much more than we imagine; as would appear, if we did put the strength he hath given us to the Experiment. Our Task is not hard in it self, but our Fears and Apprehensions make it seem so. How many accidents and encounters, that were terrible to us at first, hath custom made familiar and easie! Wherefore, let us not undervalue our selves, God will not desert his Souldiers, but give them (even for the asking) ability sufficient for any warrantable undertaking.

IV. THE readiest way to master our Corruptions, is to propound to our selves, that every day is to be our last; for there is nothing that so much engages our affections to this World, as the want of consideration, how soon we are to leave it. Can any

any man be so forgetful, as to behold the daily Funerals that pass before his eyes, without thinking of his end? And yet even among the dead themselves, we think of nothing less, than we do of Death. There is not any thing so frequently seen, and so soon forgotten. But the time is coming that shall deliver us from the beastly fellowship of the Flesh; dispel this Cloud of Ignorance, and enlighten our darkness. Let the oldest man alive look back into the time past, and (if he can) pick but any one day out of his whole life, that was not tainted with some blemish or defect. Our Childhood we have consumed in hobby-horses and bawbles; our Youth in levities and lusts; our Manhood in Crimes of a deeper dye; and when we have put all together, from our Cradle, to our gray hairs, there remains nothing to us but anxiety of thought, and the sad fruit of our iniquity. Alas! how miserable is that man, that cannot look backward, but with shame; nor forward without terrour. Let him go to his Bags and his Coffers, that have cost him so much sweat, and trouble: What comfort will they speak to him in his extremity? or what will all his sensual Pleasures, his vain and empty Titles, Robes, Dignities and Crowns avail him in the day of his distress? what would a man give when that dismal day comes, that he might begin the World again, to lead a new life? but wishes are then too late. We are to make use of time while we have it; and to forbear doing those things now, which we shall wish undone hereafter; *It is no great matter to deny our Appetites for a moment, that we may be happy for ever.*

V. IF a man upon his Death-bed were asked his opinion of his past Life, and what he thought of Riches, Dignities, and Worldly Delights; you should

ſhould hear him tell you quite another tale, than he did in his health; for at that hour men conſider what they ſay, and ſpeak what they think. Now although this Wiſdom comes with the lateſt, for him that is upon his *exit*: it may yet be of great benefit to us, if we will but learn from other peoples miſcarriages, to correct, or to prevent our own. Who but a Mad Man, when he may put to Sea in fair weather, will linger for a ſtorm? or defer all care of himſelf, 'till the laſt extremity, when he may ſave all at preſent, without any hazzard? Caution comes too late when a man is under water, and ſo does Prudence too in the Grave. Thoſe great and holy men that have utterly renounced this World, and all that's in it, for the love of a better, have made it the ſtudy of their whole lives, to underſtand how to live, and how to die: And ſo hard a Leſſon have they found it unto fleſh and blood, that many of them, at their laſt breath, have not ſtuck to confeſs their ignorance. But we (forſooth) account it time enough in all conſcienee, to betake our ſelves to that which is good, when, in truth, we are fit for nothing at all; and to begin our lives, at an age, to which few people have prolonged theirs: A prodigious folly, certainly, for a man to begin at the wrong end!

VI. MONSTROUS heedleſneſs! to believe all this, and yet to live on, as we do: What is Time, but the paſſing of a ſhadow? Life, but a point? or leſs, if poſſible. How ſmall a diſtance is there betwixt the Cradle and the Tomb! Try if you can make the Sun ſtand ſtill but one day, one hour, one moment. No, no, it will not be; Time is inexorable, and will hold on its courſe 'till it has brought all created Nature to deſtruction.

And

And yet so besotted a Blindness possesses us, that we prefer this wretched instant, before a glorious Eternity. In the case of our frail and perishable bodies we lay out for necessaries, and provisions, and spare for no pains to procure them: but in that of our immortal Souls, we behave our selves, as if they were none of our concern. Let the Body be out of order, and there is nothing so troublesome, but we can readily undergo to remove it; but in the distempers of the Soul, we are not only neglectful but insensible. When was it ever said to us, *Save your selves by Sea, or you are lost*, and we protracted it? *Take off this Potion; 'tis bitter, but 'tis wholsome*, and we refused it? It is less than this, that God prescribes to us, for our eternal good, and we give no heed to it. If we happen to have a Law-Suit, what a bustle we make with our Solicitors, and Breviates, feeing of Counsel, and tampering with Judges, to carry on the Cause? But in the great tryal of our Souls at the day of Judgment (which is at hand) and where Heaven or Hell is the question, there is no care taken: but we live on laughing and fooling, 'till we lose our selves beyond all Redemption, for want of Preparation. Let us therefore betake our selves to our wits, and put our affairs in order, as if we were every moment to be called to a reckoning. *This is true Philosophy, to separate Soul and Body by wisdom, before they come to be parted by necessity.*

VII. THE thing we are principally to intend, (whether busie or idle, in labour or at rest) is this; to deliver our selves out of the power of Time and Casualties, by the anticipation of Eternity; which places us in a state of Tranquility, that is steady and invariable. The Glutton in the Gospel is still begging the relief but of one drop of water

ater to cool his Tongue, and condemned so to beg it to perpetuity, without obtaining it. Eternity is an everlasting instant, not to be thought upon, or mentioned, without horror: It is a restless Wheel, it is a continued, and endless, and a still commencing beginning: The serious thought of it is as Wormwood in our Cups of pleasure; It strikes us with astonishment and sadness; it tames our rebellious Spirits, and raises up the sloathful Voluptuary to the love of Vertue; it facilitates all difficulties, sweetens all our afflictions, and makes our misfortunes seem not only short, but easie. It is not in the power of man to express or conceive this boundless Eternity. Were the whole Universe fill'd with numeral Figures, and as many Years, (nay Ages) taken from Eternity, as there would be found Unites in the whole Sum, Eternity would be still the same, without any diminution. He that considers the pains of Hell (as they are) to be ever beginning, and yet never at an end, must have a heart of Flint, not to trouble and repent at the thought of it.

CHAP. IV.

Of Gluttony, the Evils of it, and the Remedies: And to know when we have subdued it.

I. THE first Vice we are properly to encounter, is Gluttony. This is the Sin that brought Death into the World, and Ministers matter in a great measure to the rest. It was the eating of the Forbidden Fruit, that ruin'd the whole Race of Mankind,

Mankind, even before they had a Being: And it is still the weak side where the Devil lays his most dangerous temptations. From hence proceed dulness of Spirit, sloth, weariness of every thing, scurrility, babling, debauchery, heavyness of mind, and the dissolution of all Vertues, prodigality, beggery, a long train of Diseases, and Death it self in the conclusion: This is it that swells our Bills of Mortality; for vicious humours contracted from excess in meats and drinks, are the food of almost all Diseases. Other accidents may attempt and threaten us, but this cuts off. *Gluttony kills more than the Sword.*

II. OH the infamy of being a Slave to a man's Belly! a wretched carkass, with an insatiable appetite! Our bodies are none of the largest; and yet in greediness, the vastest, and the most voracious of living Creatures come not near us. One Wood (we see) maintains a great many Elephants; and a Pasture of a few Acres, a great many Bulls: But for us, one World is hardly sufficient. The Air, the Seas, and the Forrests must be all rifled, to please our Palates. He that looks into the Offices of a luxurious Palace, and sees the troops of Servants sweating and hurrying up and down; the massacre of Beasts, Flesh, and Fowl; and every thing afloat in the richest Wine; some to order the Plate, and cover the Table, others to serve up the meat, so many to marshal the Dishes, others again to carve, and every man ready at his part: He that sees, I say, the magnificence, and variety of these Entertainments, cannot but wonder at so horrible a profusion for the Guts of one Family. Not that I would advise any man to starve himself; for the Belly is importunate, and must have daily food. But here lies the snare, we do the business

of

of Pleasure, under the pretence of *Necessity*. If we would inform our selves how small a matter satisfies Hunger, let us consider what we are capable of, and what we have need of; we shall then understand, that no man is driven upon excess, by necessity. *Nature contents her self with a little, but the cravings of Luxury are boundless.*

III. HUNGER takes no pleasure at all in complement, or ostentation; let it be satisfied, and no matter with what: So soon as the relish is off from the Palate, the precious and the common are both alike. Let him but eat, that is hungry, and drink, that is a-thirst; whether his Bread be white or brown, or his Drink plain water out of the next Brook, or the choicest Wine refresh'd with Snow, it is all one to Nature: Stay but the stomach, and quench the thirst, she looks for no more. All the quarters of the World must be hunted for Fish and Flesh, several sorts of Wines for the *Gusto*, and provoking Sauces, to gratifie our phantastical Appetites: And what are all these far-fetch'd Curiosities and Delicates in the end; but the Torments of a miserable Surfeit: *Epicurus* recommends Temperance to us, if it were for nothing else but the very pleasure of it. There's a a great deal of difference, betwixt the plainest meat in the World to a good stomach, and the most delicious to one that is crop-sick. He that would discharge himself of all superfluous care for the Belly, let him but consider the end of all, and that he is only preparing a Treat for the Worms: This methinks should make a man so order his Body, as that his Mind may be never the worse for't. That's the best Diet undoubtedly, which is every where to be had, and without trouble, and neither burthensom to a Man's Purse, nor to his Body,

Body. He is a great Master of himself, that commands his Belly. The Body requires Nourishment, not Dainties; and we have been convinced of the superfluity of many things, by the want of them.

IV. BUT 'tis no such mighty business neither, to contemn Superfluities; give me the man that can chearfully dispense even with Necessities, that can content himself with Bread and Water, and with the Herbs of the Field, as well for Man's meat as for Beasts; that eats only to sustain and strengthen nature, and to glorifie God; that takes his meat as a sick man does his Physick, meerly for health's sake, without any regard to the taste; that declines voluptuous Treats and Entertainments; and at (least) moderates himself in the pleasures of the Palate, since he cannot totally extinguish them; and preserves himself in purity both of Body and Spirit. The perfection of Chastity is a better proof of Abstinence, than the bare taking down of the Body.

CHAP. V.

Of Luxury: The foulness of it: How apt we are to Relapse into it: How to avoid it.

I. LUXURY is a Brutal Vice: and that, which of all others, puts a man the most out of countenance? Nor is it so shameful only in the practice, but the Apostle forbids us the very naming of what concerns it. The foulness of it may appear in this: That a man (if he has but the least

aſt ſpark of modeſty or good nature in him) annot forbear bluſhing at the very thoughts f any Uncleanneſs committed, if he does but magine that any body elſe knows of it. Nay, there re many people ſo tender and ſcrupulous in this oint, that they'll run any hazard, rather than uſt their very Confeſſors with ſo ſcandalous a ſe-ret. He that falls into this bog, very rarely gets ut again; and there's little hope of him that's nfected with this Diſeaſe: For, alas! what can an do in the caſe of Continence, which is the nly Gift of God?

II. THE firſt Remedy muſt be fervent Prayer o the Almighty, for Grace and Strength: And we are next, to reſiſt the very firſt motions to Im-urity, and to ſhake them off, as we would do a urning coal from our Garments. If we come ut once to deliberate, we are loſt. If we parly, we are upon the point of yielding. We muſt have care of Idleneſs, High-feeding, Laſcivious Ob-ects, looſe and wanton Company. Nothing (in hort) is to be omitted in this difficulty. Nay the very beſt of men are not without their infirmi-ies; certain latent diſpoſitions, which though we cannot properly call ſins, we find many times to prove the preludes to wickedneſs, and if they gain but never ſo little upon us, it will be hard quit-ting them. He that will be great, muſt not de-ſpiſe little things. *The leaſt ſpark is enough to fire the largeſt City.*

III. LET every man have a care of too much confidence in himſelf. He that goes on, without doubting, is fallen already. How many Inſtances have we of brave and eminent men, that after ſo-lemn Confeſſions, Victories and Exploits, even to admiration, have yet been ſurprized, and loſt at

the

the ſight of a Woman! I do not ſpeak of *Sampſon*, *David*, and *Solomon*, thoſe ancient and famous examples of Humane frailty, but others of freſher date, and which we ſee daily before our eyes. And if there were nothing elſe but a man's own weakneſs, methinks he ſhould be ſo conſcious of it, as to be humbled, and ſuſpect himſelf. What greater madneſs, than after ſo many experiments of the errours of all Ages and Nations, ſtill to expoſe our ſelves to be worſted, in confidence of our own ſtrength! But this is the fate of our incredulous and ſtubborn Nature, to give no heed or credit to the falls of others, 'till we are in the Pit our ſelves. God made Woman for a helper to Man, but by the ſubtilty of the Serpent, ſhe was wrought upon to be his deſtroyer: She wounds, burns, and conſumes him. There is no *Hyæna*, no *Baſiliſk*, to what ſhe carries in her Voice and Eyes: have a care of her Charms, as you love your Soul. *The whole Sex follows the old trade of driving man out of Paradiſe.*

IV. IT is an ordinary thing, I know to excuſe our ſelves, by ſaying *We cannot avoid it, ſhe's of our Acquaintance, we mean no hurt in't.* But under theſe plauſible pretences, there lies more miſchief than we are aware of: For we fall by degrees into dangerous Liberties, unwary Diſcourſes, looſe Behaviour, Wanton Merriments, interchanging of Preſents, *&c.* 'till in the end, by little and little, we come, from the neglect of Modeſty, to juſt none at all. This Licenſe grows upon us by degrees, and he that bluſhes and trembles at the very appearance of a Woman to day, ſhall look Babies in her eyes to morrow; play with her naked Breaſts, and feel the Poyſon at his Heart, before he is ſenſible of the danger. Thus by degrees, from dim-

ſighted,

ghted, our Reaſon comes to be ſtark blind, and he Divine Soul lies groveling upon the ground, ithout any conſideration, either of Heaven or of ſelf, 'till the fire of our Luſts ſhall be ſwallowed p in that of Hell it ſelf. The ſad and miſerable nd of a beaſtly and momentary pleaſure: As if we were all drunk with the Juice of that Herb which is ſaid to make People *die laughing.*

V. FOOLS that we are! what would we be t? that have neither Wit enough to adviſe our elves, or to take counſel of others. It is Pleaſure we ſeek? God hath provided Pleaſures eternal for s in Heaven. Thoſe of the World are deceitful, ranſitory and uncertain; ſhall we lay hold of heſe then, and quit our title to thoſe of the next? Where's our Reaſon? What is become of our Underſtanding? If we look upward toward thoſe that re gone to Heaven before us; we ſhall find them uch, as, here upon earth, mingled their bread with aſhes, and their drink with their tears; beſet on every ſide with perſecution and contempt; holding no intelligence at all with worldly comforts; and making prayers and tears their daily exerciſe. Their way to Heaven lay through Torments and Croſſes. But on the other hand, if we look downward into Hell, among the Troops of the damned, we ſhall there ſee (which they feel too late) the End and the Reward of truſting to the Falſe Joys of this World, the Delights of the Fleſh, and carnal Pleaſures. We ſhould do well to meditate upon this, if we believe it.

VI. BUT if Pleaſure in this World be the thing we covet, why do we not then give it our ſelves in the bleſſing of a well compoſed and vertuous Mind? And that's a Pleaſure ſubſtantial, ſincere, unchangeable, and untainted: whereas the

enjoyments

enjoyments of the Flesh are weak, short-liv'd only varnish'd over, bedawbed with Wine, a Perfumes, both afraid and ashamed of the Ligh Lying most in Bawdy-houses, and Taverns, a such other places as commonly find work for t Constable. If they are glorious without, they a yet most wretchedly sordid within: They beg and end almost in the same moment, they peri even in the very enjoyment. But the Pleasure o the Mind is gentle, noble, invincible, steady a secure; and attended neither with Satiety, n Repentance. It is neither accompanied wi shame, nor followed with remorse or sadnes nor does it ever desert him that professes it. Th way to this pleasure is to renounce all other; for *contemn Pleasure is the greatest Pleasure.*

CHAP. VI.

Of Avarice: The Wickedness of it. The Poor and the Rich compared. The Deceit and the Vanity of Riches.

I. IT is the great cheat of Avarice, that it di claims it self: For there is not any man wil confess himself to be covetous. *I have a Family t provide for*, says one: *I would fain do some good a mong my poor Neighbours*, cries another: A third i for building of Alms-houses and Hospitals. And these are our pretences for hoarding up Riches; and when we have gotten them, we go on to g more, and spend our lives in the bare acquisitio of what was at first pretended for our comfort o support, but part with nothing. What is a thirsty ma

man the better for the ſight of a pleaſant Brook, or dabbling in it perchance with his finger, unleſs he take ſome of it into his ſtomach to relieve his drought? Juſt this is the caſe of an avaricious man with his money; he ſees it, and handles it, but his mind is no veſſel to receive it, and ſo never the better for it. God made the Soul only for himſelf, and it is he alone that can fill it.

II. GIVE the Covetous Man the Treaſure of the whole earth; let him not only poſſeſs, but trample upon all that is rich and precious, all that is curious and coſtly in the Univerſe. Alas! the having of all this will but ſerve him for an Incentive to deſire more. Nature is bounded, but Imagination is Infinite. It is not a pin matter, what Money in the Coffer, or what Corn in the Barn, to him that is only intent upon what he has not, without computing what already he has. The World it ſelf is too little for him, whom the whole World cannot ſatisfie. If we did but conſider the miſchiefs that accompany great Fortunes, and the benefits they deprive us of, we ſhould ſoon find, with the bleſſed Apoſtle, *that Covetouſneſs is the root of all evil.* Thence come Frauds, Wars, Perjuries, Treaſon, Diſcord, Ambition, Robberies, Piracies, Publick Tumults, Domeſtick Treacheries, Corruptions in the Seat of Judgment.

III. LOOK but the poor and the rich man in the face, and compare their Countenances, and you ſhall ſee that the one, in the fourneſs of his looks, betrays the anxiety and ſolicitude of his thoughts: The others Brow is clear and open, in teſtimony of an honeſt and chearful mind. The rich mans happineſs is but from the teeth outward, a counterfeit ſatisfaction, with a Worm in his heart;

heart; when the poor man, without any mixture of trouble, enjoys a continual repose. The one betwixt the desire of getting, and the fear of losing, lyes exposed to all the assaults of Fortune; (for *the more he has, the more he covets.*) The other is rich even in his poverty. His Wishes are squared to his Necessities: he fears nothing, for he hath nothing to lose that he cares for. He spends the day merrily, and sleeps soundly at night: Whereas the other, on the contrary, is never at ease, and the less sense he has of his condition, the greater is his danger.

IV. A word now to the insatiable Miser, with all his Hoards, brave Houses and Possessions: The time will come, (the time appointed from Eternity) when he must part with all his splendid Acquisitions, Life and all; when all those things must perish too, for which he himself is likewise to perish. He will then see the errour of admiring what he should have despised, and of setting a value, so childishly, upon Trifles: Childishly, I say, saving only that Children play the fool upon cheaper terms. Their dotage is employed upon some pretty Shells, perchance, or Pibbles, that they find by the Sea-side; ours upon Gold and Precious Stones. I do not say, that where Providence hath given a man a plentiful Fortune, the Owner of it should not make use of it: But I would have it honestly gotten; not by Fraud, Extortion, or Injustice, nor with more carking and caring than the thing is worth: We may take Money into our Coffers, but not into our Hearts, to the end that we may chearfully resign our selves to the Will of God, either to want, or to abound. No man so rich as he that needs not Riches. We are not to wait for the loss of all by

by Thieves, perhaps, or Casualties; but to strip our selves by Anticipation; which is done, if we do but take away from our selves, by an Indifference, whatsoever we might otherwise lose by violence. *No man is master of himself, so long as he is a slave to any th ng else.*

V. AS to matter of State and Ceremony, we are to lay it utterly aside, and to conform in our Cloaths and Diet, not so much to Example, as to Christian Moderation and Vertue. Poverty it self, with good Husbandry, may be improved into Plenty. Let us but keep our selves from Thirst, Hunger and Cold, Nature asks no more. A Cottage may keep a man as warm as a Palace; and there is no absolute necessity of covering our Bodies with Silk. Is there no quenching of our Thirst, but in Chrystal? no cutting of our Bread, unless the Knife has an Agat Handle? We may wash as clean in an Earthen Vessel as in a Silver, and see as well by a Candle in a Pewter-socket, as in a Plate. He that values himself for his Gold, is inconsiderable without it: How much better were it for us, to set our hearts upon those Riches, which neither Fortune nor Death it self can ever take from us? Why should any man fear Poverty, that has the Treasure of a Kingdom within himself? There is the Kingdom of Heaven, in a good Conscience. He that seeks his own good, let him seek God alone, who is the only Good, the only Possession, and the only Treasure. *The World is of no value to him that dedicates himself wholly to God.*

VI. OH the emptiness and imposture, of all that we account delicate and glorious in this World! To see a Man wrapt up in Gold, and Embroidery, with a long Retinue at his heels, and

in a ſplendid equipage; how wonderfully are we taken with the Spectacle? And yet, alas! All this is but a meer pomp, and oſtentation of Vanities, that leave us in the very moment that they pleaſe us: And it is not from the Schools of the Philoſophers, nor from the Croſs of Chriſt, nor from the Eternal Wiſdom alone, that I draw this Obſervation; but from the World it ſelf, and thoſe that have moſt courted and adored it. What ſatisfaction had *Haman* in all his Wealth, Power and Dignity? *No, no,* ſays he (in a full Audience) *I reckon all this as nothing, ſo long as I ſee* Mordecai *ſitting at the King's Gate.* What a Mockery, what a Blindneſs is this! I have often read and heard indeed, that the Pleaſures of the Fleſh and of this World are as nothing, compared with thoſe of Vertue and Eternity; but to pronounce them to be as nothing, in reſpect even of nothing it ſelf, this goes a great deal further: So that in effect, in the contempt of nothing, we do nothing. But that we may not want matter to work upon, let us contemn and repreſs our Luſts, that we may be better acquainted with Poverty, and learn to meaſure the true value of things by the uſe of them. Now *the way to bring our ſelves with eaſe to a contempt of the World, is to think daily of leaving it.*

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Of Anger: The Character of an angry Man: The Effects, Causes, and Remedies of it.

I. TO be angry at Anger, is almoſt the only juſtifiable exerciſe of that Paſſion: For it is againſt a moſt execrable and outragious Monſter; an Affection ſo unquiet and turbulent, that if it once ſeizes us, it unmans us. It is, in one word, a *ſhort Madneſs*, that carries a man headlong to Blood and Revenge, without any regard to Friends, good Manners, or indeed to his owne Security; for, to take away another man's life, he'll run any hazard of his own, and (as in the fall of a Houſe) daſh himſelf to pieces upon the ruins of what he carries down before him. Neither is it a brutal only, but a moſt ungraceful Paſſion. The Eyes burn and ſparkle, the Veins ſwell, the Hair ſtands on end, the Teeth grating, the Mouth all in a fome, the Voice ſhrill and piercing, the Countenance fierce and terrible, the Brow frowning, the Head joggling and nodding, and the whole Body in a continual and moſt uncomely Agitation: To ſay nothing of the menacing Actions and Geſtures, clutching and ſtriking of the hands, beating the Breaſt, ſtamping and tearing the Hair, rending the Cloaths, and all the blood in the Body boyling in the Face. How abominable muſt this be in the Mind, that ſhews it ſelf ſo deteſtable in the Countenance? the Poets draw the Furies with Fire-brands and Snakes, howling and yelling, with hideous out-cries, which

might ſerve for no ill Picture of a Man in choler; if I may call him a Man, who by his beſtial cruelty, and ſalvage fierceneſs, ſeems to have caſt off all the Advantages and Affections of Humanity. One may keep other Vices private, but this breaks out at the Eyes, and diſcovers it ſelf in the air of the Face: like fire, it devours all before it, and the more we ſtrive to ſuppreſs it, the more furiouſly it burns. *An angry Man is utterly uncapable either of Moderation or Reproof.*

II. AS for other Vices, they are confin'd, we ſee, to certain Bounds and Limits; but Anger flies at all, and there is not any thing that ſcapes it, be it never ſo Sacred. Do we not invade Heaven it ſelf, both with open Blaſphemies, and ſecret Murmurings, againſt the Power, Goodneſs, and Providence of the Almighty? And our Anger extends it ſelf not only to thoſe that we think have done us an Injury, but to thoſe too that poſſibly may hereafter do us one: So ingenuouſly do we improve our vain Imaginations, that we fall upon any man that has the power to diſoblige us, as if he had done it already. Nay, we are many times in a Rage, we know not at whom, or for what, but yet we bluſter and fret; and for want of other matter to work upon, we fall upon our ſelves. Nor is it the Injury only that moves us; for we do frequently wreak our ſpight upon things inanimate, that cannot (properly) either diſoblige or affront us. As, for a Man to cut his Cloak in pieces, throw Diſhes and Candleſticks about the Houſe, ſplit Pens in a Rage, and tear Paper, becauſe things will not go as he would have them: What can be more ridiculous? The breaking of a Glaſs is enough to put many a man out of his Senſes; the miſlaying of a Napkin, the Screek of a Table drawn

drawn upon the Floor, and a thouſand other things which do neither deſerve our Anger, nor feel it. A Reſty Jade, a Barking Cur, the buzzing of a Flie in our Ears, the Stinging of a Gnat: Theſe, forſooth, are provocations to tranſport us beyond all Patience, and Death without Mercy, to the poor Animal that offends us. *How great a Madneſs is it, to puniſh Brutes and things inſenſible, for the Tranſgreſſions of Reaſonable Creatures!*

III. IF we proceed now to take a view of Anger in the Effects, we ſhall find it the greateſt Plague that ever infeſted Humane Nature: How many Murthers, Towns laid waſte, whole Nations utterly depopulated, Heaps of ſlaughter'd Bodies, (as if the Sword vy'd with the Peſtilence) and the Rivers running Blood. Look upon the Ruines of the Nobleſt Cities of the World, unpeopled Deſarts, Conflagrations, Poyſon'd Fountains, extinguiſh'd Families. Conſider all this, and you have here before your eyes, the Fruits and Works of Anger; I ſhould think, that we are no longer a Society of Men, but a multitude of Beaſts, were it not that I find Beaſts of the ſame kind to agree among themſelves, whereas Men are ſtill worrying of one another. Now there is this further Miſchief in Anger; It defaces the Image of God in us, whoſe Works are altogether peaceable and calm. It caſts a Miſt before our eyes, ſo that we are not able to diſcern the Truth our ſelves; and it makes us ſtubborn and uncounſelable towards others. It diſturbs and diſtracts all the Faculties of the Soul, and let the Diſeaſe be never ſo foul, the Reputation it has gotten with the People, keeps it yet in countenance; for with the Rabble, *Anger paſſes for the Mark of a Man of Honour.* But let us rather conſider now, what Remedy in the

Case; and if we cannot utterly take it away, how we may bring it at least, to some sort of Reason and Moderation.

IV. THE best way will be to begin with the Contempt or Neglect of the first Motive to it; for if we once lose ground, it will be hard recovering it: We are at the mercy of That, and not That at Ours; when the Enemy is within the Gate, he'll hardly take Conditions of his Prisoner. It is a much easier matter to keep him out, than to Govern him when he's entred. In the upper Regions of the Air, we find neither Clouds nor Tempests, but altogether Serenity and Quiet; the Thunder is below. So is it with a great and generous Mind; It stifles the very first Motions to Displeasure; It gives not way so much as to a licentious word, but stands firm in a Station of Tranquility and Composure; very well understanding, that by Transports of Anger, Evils are not remov'd, but made worse. It is with Cholerick Men, as with Birds that are lim'd, the more they flutter, the faster they are, and the more they struggle, the more entangled. The Anger does us more hurt than the Injury. He that is angry upon the Apprehension that another man contemns him, does his Adversary too much Honour, if he values it; and thinks too meanly of himself, if he revenges it. *Revenge is a Confession of Trouble, and it is the part of a narrow Soul, to meditate a serious Revenge for an Imaginary Mischief.*

V. IN the Case of lying under a Slander, the question is not, What becomes another man to say or do; but what we are to say or do our selves. Because another man is waspish and perverse: Am I to break my Peace for't, and to be froward too my self? We are to imitate our Maker.

ker. How many impious Wretches does God suffer to enjoy the common Benefits of Nature? And yet among Mortals, one wicked man will not be perswaded to endure another. Let us apply our selves to mend all at home; which we may do, without concerning our selves so much for the Reforming of others, which we cannot do. Are we not Sinners? How little then is that we suffer, in comparison of the Hell which we have deserved? Are our Ears so delicate, that we cannot bear a Reproach? The Fault (and the Shame too) is his that does an Injury, not his that suffers it. The Sufferer is only to look upon his Affliction as a Portion allotted him for Eternity for his greater Good. *Forgive, and you shall be forgiven,* is the Word of God himself. He that wakens not at his Thunder, is not asleep but dead. *It is our interest to pardon others, as the Condition of being pardon'd our selves.*

VI. AMONG many Incentives to Anger, I reckon Suspicion to be the slieſt and most insinuating of all. Let us away with it therefore upon any terms. *Good Lord* (we cry) *how coldly, how strangely such a one look'd upon me! He would hardly take any notice of me. He gave me a word or two, and so went his way.* Of this we may be certain, he that is jealous, shall never want matter or colour for it; most People being apt to believe the worst. An ill Construction of things goes a great way in the very Injury we complain of: We are therefore to deal plainly, and judge charitably. And we are to say to our selves on the behalf of the absent: *Who knows but this may be all a Story? In ill Reports it is not good to be over-credulous, and to take up a Pique at a venture, before we fully understand the matter. Time and leisure will discover all.* In a

Trial at Law, no man is cast without a proof, let the Cause be never so trivial: And shall we dare then to condemn a Friend without a *Hearing*? He must be a very weak man, that presently believes all he hears. Some there are that spread false Reports with an Intention to deceive; others again, do but tell what they hear, and are deceived themselves.

What is spoken in private, is almost not spoken at all. What can be more unreasonable, than to suppress the cause of our Displeasure, and yet publish the effects of it? It is good sometimes to see and not see, and to hear and not hear. *He that seems not to know of an Injury, is not bound to take notice of it.*

VII. WHEN I am told that any body speaks ill of me, my course shall be, to ask my own Conscience, if I did not speak ill of him first; and then to make it my own case, *How many have I spoken ill of my self?* This Reflection will make a man moderate; if not for the love of Vertue, yet for his own sake at least. Shall I play the Epicure my self, and inveigh against Luxury in another? Put a Knight of the Post to declaim against Perjury? Be my self perfidious, and challenge exact Fidelity from my Neighbour? Why should not other People talk as freely of me, as I do of them? I am to bethink my self, not only what I suffer, but what I do; and not to reprehend that in another, which I find in my own breast. We are all bad enough, and to bear with one anothers infirmities, is but common Equity. Nay, suppose that we are not as yet guilty, who knows how soon we may be so? *Let him that thinks he stands, take heed lest he fall.*

VIII. THE Wounds of an Enemy, the Offences of

of a Friend, the Disobedience of a Child, the Carelesness or the Treachery of a Servant, are things so familiar, that we may as well wonder at a Rose in the Spring, or an Apple in Autumn, as at any of them. A man that walks the streets of a Populous City, must expect to meet with a slip in one place, a stop in another, the dash of the Kennel in a third: Just such are the Adventures of Life, and with the same Consideration are they to be undergone. When a lewd Person casts a Reproach upon a Good Man, let them but both do their parts, and there's no hurt done. It is in the nature of the one to do Mischief, and it is the Duty of the other to requite Evil with Good. We are to try if we can mend him; which is never to be effected by Revenge, but rather by Patience and Obligations. It may perchance work a thorow Reformation upon him; but very probably, it will quiet and sweeten him at the least: or however, we our selves shall most certainly be the better for it, if he be not. Well! *There's such a one is my mortal Enemy, he has spoken the basest and the most dishonourable things of me.* How am I now to behave my self in this case? Why truly, according to the Rules of Charity, and of good Discretion: *I have this but at second hand: I can hardly believe it. Or, if he did say it, some body has abus'd him: I am confident he had no ill meaning in it. Nay, it may be he said it on purpose that I should hear on't again, and he be the better for't. The truth on't is, he hath right on his side, for I cannot much deny the thing; and I'm e'en well enough serv'd for beginning with him.* But after all this, what if it shall be found to be meer Malice, and a Design upon an Innocent Person? Was not my Saviour more innocent, and incomparably a greater Suf-

ferer? I am to say with the Prophet, *I was dumb, and opened not my mouth, because it was thy doing. Let us all look to our own ways, and have a care, that what other People say or do amiss, prove not unto us an occasion of falling.*

IX. BUT what is it that troubles us? Opinion? If so; It is but removing that Opinion, and we are secure; and this methinks might be done by a very ordinary way of Reason. Nothing can hurt us, unless we joyn with it to hurt our selves. The mind is safe and inaccessible; out of the reach of Injuries and Accidents. It moves it self, and in judging of Externals, it makes every thing only to be, as it is taken. *My Adversary* (says one) *is certainly the vilest Creature upon the face of the Earth.* Let him alone then, say I, and leave him to be punish'd by some other hand: Or however, he has his Torment already in his Transgression. *He's a Man of Reason, and I wonder he can allow himself in these Liberties.* I prethee wonder at thy self too, and begin the Reformation at home, upon thy own Impatience, and *learn to overcome Evil with Good.* But *we have other mens faults in sight, and our own behind us. Oh the pleasure of Revenge,* says the Vindictive man. *Let him take it then,* say I; upon condition, that he fall upon his greatest Enemy first. Let him begin with his extravagant fury and Rage. Is not he a mad-man that runs into the Streets to beat Boys for breaking his Windows, when he has Thieves in his House, that are ready to rifle him, and cut his Throat? When *Plato*'s hand was up in Choler, to strike an untoward Servant, he considered better of it, and checked himself; *Sirrah*, says he, *I would box you, if I were not angry with you*: Judging it more for his credit to chastise his Passion, before he medled

medled with his man; and giving to understand that a Cholerick Master deserves the lash better than a Negligent Servant. *You shall very rarely find any Man Brave, that is Furious.*

X. JUDGES and Publick Magistrates may be allowed to put on a Countenance of Severity and Displeasure; but if at any time it comes up to Anger, let it be so ordered, as only to wait upon Reason, but not to preclude it. Offenders are to be reprehended, and corrected too, but without Passion. So long as there are bad Men in the World, there will be Villany in it; and he that is resolved to fret himself for whatsoever he sees amiss, shall never have one quiet hour while he breaths. We are not angry at the Heats and Colds in their proper course and Season: No less natural are the Indignities we suffer from wicked Men, and no otherwise ought we to concern our selves for them. A wise and a good man should deal with Malefactors, as a Physician does with mad Men; do them all the good he can, and let their Extravagancies go for nothing. The only Revenge for a Slanderer, is to let him alone, as if he were not worth a Revenge. The less his Calumny works upon another, the more it works upon himself, by disappointing him of the end and pleasure of his Contumely. But *'tis a shame*, you'll say, *for a Man to be contemn'd, and not to vindicate his Honour.* How great a shame is it then, to fear to be contemned? for no man fears Contempt, but he that deserves it. A wise man reckons nothing disgraceful but sin; for he governs himself, not according to the judgment of Men, but of God. If any man despise me, if any man hate me, let him look to it; it shall be my care not to deserve either. Patience is invincible, and triumphs in

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the end over Nature it ſelf. It is a kind of Imitation of God himſelf, who forgives all, ſuffers all, and with his Mercies tranſcends our Iniquities. *It is more glorious to take no notice at all of an Injury, than to pardon it.*

CHAP. VIII.

Of Envy and Sloth, with their deſcription and Cure.

I. THE Envious man is not only the firſt, but the greateſt Plague to himſelf, he preys upon his own Bowels, before he meddles with his Neighbours Goods; and it is not in this, as in other Vices, where the Puniſhment follows the Sin, for here it goes before it, and yet keeps it company too, for they go hand in hand together. A Diabolical affection! That another mans Happineſs muſt be my Torment; and that which makes him fat, muſt make me lean. In other ſins, we find only an oppoſition to this or that particular Vertue: But Envy perverts the very nature of things, and profeſſes open Enmity to all Goodneſs. Firſt, to God himſelf, whoſe Nature it is (humanely ſpeaking) to communicate all his Mercies and Bleſſings. Next, to the Saints and Angels, who rejoice in the Comforts of their Companions, as if they were their own. Thirdly, to Chriſtian Charity, which bids us do good even to our Enemies. And laſtly, to the Law of Nature, which commands us to wiſh other people as happy as our ſelves. *Envy is a kind of blear-ey'd Affection, it cannot endure to look againſt the Light.*

II.

II. SATAN indeed is envious, but it is against Men, not his Fellow Devils: Whereas in our Envy, (worse than the Devils themselves) we fall foul one upon another: A sign of a mean and abject mind; for we envy nothing but what we think above us. He that would deliver himself from this Distemper, must take his heart off from this transitory World, and fix it upon a better. *The love of Eternity is the death of Envy.* He that has set his heart upon Heaven, can never envy any man's Enjoyments upon Earth. It were as if a Prince should envy a Cobler. He reckons the World, and all the Glories of it, not worth a serious thought. We have enough to do (a man would think) to struggle with our own Afflictions, without vexing our selves at the prosperity of others. *No Man shall ever be Happy, so long as the sight of a Happier Man than himself can make him miserable.* If by envying the Wealth, the Abilities, the Dignity of our Neighbours, we could transfer all to our selves, it were something: But this is never to be done by Envy; by Love, in some measure, it may: For by loving what's good in another, we make it our own.

III. WE may couple Envy and Sloth together; for they both agree in an abject heaviness of Mind. The Envious man's Trouble is to see any body else happy; and the Slothful mans, to despair of being so himself: And none but pitiful Wretches are subject to either of these Passions. *Sloth is the Vice of a languishing Spirit*, that's weary of every thing that's good; and for fear of blocks and difficulties in the way, shrinks at the very thought of any Generous Enterprize. *It will, and it will not.* The Sluggard is various and unconstant, a burthen to himself, a trouble to others: He's per-

perpetually wishing himself out of the World, weary of his Life, and the Contriver of his own Misfortunes. He's like a Top, in continual Agitation; the Whip drives him about, but 'tis only round, not forward. He stops still at half-way, and goes through with nothing. All his Works are insipid, and (like warm Water) a Vomit both to God and man. This stupid Drowsiness must be shak'd off, and a generous Resolution taken up in the place of it, or we are undone for ever. *As the Bird is made to flye, so is Man born to Labour*: And since Labour and Travel are our Portion, why should we not rather take pains to be happy, than to be miserable? Let us be never so lazy to Godward, the World will yet find us work enough to do. One man labours for an Estate, another for a Title, or an Office; when half that trouble and diligence would secure us a blessed Eternity, and no body looks after it: But *Vices and Vanities come to a better Market*: The greater is our shame, to be so dull and careless in a matter of that Importance, as not to endure the Labour of one Moment, for an Eternal Reward. There is nothing so hard, but Courage, with Gods Blessing, may overcome. We fancy Difficulties, where there are none. Whatever the Mind imposes upon it self, it obtains. He that does what he can, does as much as he needs to do. *God helps the willing.*

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Of Pride, Ambition, and Vain-Glory: The Description of a Proud Man. The Vanity of Dignities, and the Dangers. The Evils of High-Mindedness, and the Cure.

I. PRIDE, Ambition, and Vain-Glory, are Vices that are very near akin: And they are to other sins, as the Sea is to the Rivers, the Source and Fountain of them all. When a man comes once to be blown up with this Tumour of adoring himself, farewell all Reverence and Respect, both to God and Man: And if there be no way to Glory, but by Villany and Fraud, by the Ruine or Death of his Brother; *That's the way he'll take without any difficulty or scruple.* The Proud man is abominable to God, and intolerable to Mankind: All his faculties and studies are bent upon Popular Applause. He takes wonderful Delight in the Contemplation of his own abilities, and to think what pity 'tis, such Men as he are not employed at the Helm, He's *as bold as blind Bayard*; and *puts his Oar into every man's Boat*, ever magnifying himself, and despising all others. And yet all this is done under a Mask of Humility, for fear he should be suspected of Ambition. If he miss his end, or fall into disgrace, the whole World is too little to hear his Story, and he makes it his business to stir up brawls and disputes. No man so insolent and domineering to his Inferiours; nor so arrant a Slave to those that are above him. He'll fawn upon ye like a Spaniel, and you shall find him as tame a Mutton. If there be any thing in him, that's

that's good, he has the arrogance to challenge it to himself, as if God Almighty had no hand in't. He loves to be in at every thing, and to talk loud and Magisterially of matters that he understands no more than a Goose. He is a great meddler in other peoples affairs; rash in his Judgment, and severe in his Censure. He's much better at spying out his Neighbour's Faults, than his Vertues. He has a kind of disdainful Singularity in his Port, Words, Looks, Actions, and Ways. He is not to be wrought upon either by Correction, Caution, or good advice. He wants abundance of good things, which he fancies he has; and those which really he is possest of, are nothing so great as he imagines them. And this it is that makes him gall and fret himself; as who should say, *Good Lord! What an Age are we fallen into, when Men of Parts are ready to beg their bread, and such as I am, come to be neglected?* He is afflicted with a perpetual Palpitation of the heart; and it can hardly be otherwise with one that is continually upon the Tiptoe, and straining at (Honour) a thing which is out of his reach. *Pride is the Foundation of all Evil.*

II. IF we will know the Difference between the smallest Particle of Eternal Bliss, and the whole sum of what appears to be desireable in this World (Kingdoms, Empire, nay the intire Universe it self) let us but lay them in the Scale, one against the other, and the Earth, with all the Pomps and Pleasures of it, are not so much as a Leaf, or a Feather in the Ballance. Let us look upward then, and address our selves to the end, for which we were created; and laying aside all vain Opinions of our own Excellencies, let us examine our selves, and take a true estimate of our Worth and Value. He

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that is proud in a mean Condition, certainly if he had been born to a Crown, there would have been no enduring him. Now I would have every Christian to prize himself, not as the Son of *Cæsar*, but (which is more) as the Son of God, redeemed by the precious blood of Christ. This is an Extraction that is truly honourable: Why do we not glorifie our selves upon this account, but rather lie groveling upon the Earth, to the scandal of our Divine Original? God is our Father, who hath elected us to the Dominion of the Heavens, and the Stars, and given us an Assurance of an everlasting Possession. Here lies our Glory, our Nobility, our Comfort: Here we may lawfully boast. Let us therefore raise our Eyes and our Hearts, and frame our Lives and Manners to the Likeness of our Father which is in Heaven. This is the way that leads to true, and to Immortal Honour.

III. AS for Crowns and Scepters, what are they but Golden Fetters, and glaring Miseries? which, if men did but truly understand, there would be more Kingdoms than Kings to govern them. *A great Fortune is a great Slavery; and Thrones are but uneasie Seats*; and so they find them that possess them, let the Multitude conceive of them what they please. That Felicity cannot but be troublesom to the Ruler, that makes him burthensom to his People. And when it comes to that once, how sick they grow of that Splendor, which charmed and dazled them before! What Contemplations and Philosophising upon the Blessings of Privacy and Freedom, and the Vanity of Earthly things! They look then with Terror upon Death and the last Judgment: And all the Greatness that they have purchas'd with so much Sweat and

and Blood, ſhrinks to nothing at the very thought. Let us therefore ſo live, that we may appear with Comfort before the Great Tribunal. *He that humbles himſelf now, ſhall be exalted hereafter.*

IV. HE that thinks he ſhall be ſafe and quiet, when he is great, is directly out of his wits. Many Liberties may be taken in a private Condition, that are dangerous in a Publick. The higher we are raiſed, the more eminent are our Infirmities: there's no concealing of any thing upon the top of the Houſe, we have loſt even the Tranquility that we had before. There's not a day, not an hour, that we can call our own. And then the Fall is in a manner from Heaven to Hell. How can we then expect Peace and Repoſe in a Sation, where all that ever went before us, have encountred Hazards and Trouble, if not Death it ſelf. How many Princes have been poyſoned at their very Tables, betray'd in the Arms of their Miſtreſſes? *Cæſar* was murthered in the Senate-houſe. He that ſtands high upon a ſlippery place, and the brink of a Precipice, *God have mercy upon him*: But the Man that ſtands below, upon the firm Ground, needs not fear falling. In our Greatneſſes we are to conſider, that every man that admires and flatters us, envies us too in his heart. What with our open, and our ſecret Enemies, we are never ſecure. We are betray'd by our Servants, our Friends, our Relations. But theſe are the Sins and Miſeries of Courts, not of Cottages. *He that lies cloſe, lives quiet. He fears no body, of whom no body is afraid.*

V. A Man could hardly forbear laughing, to ſee a Horſe or a Dog, take upon himſelf an Authority over the reſt of his kind: And is it not more ridiculous for a Man to do it, becauſe he has more

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Money perhaps, or more Power? Proud Duſt and Aſhes! to exalt himſelf upon his own bottom, when he has nothing good in him, but what he has receiv'd from above. We can call nothing our own, but our Sins. Let us render Glory then, for what we have received, unto him that gave it. Do we prefer one Horſe before another, becauſe he has more Meat, or gayer Trappings? No, by no means; but we reckon him to be the better, that's the fleeter. No more is a Man to be eſteemed for any thing apart from himſelf. But *I am a Perſon of Quality*, ſays one, *and the Beſt Man in the Company.* The very ſaying of ſuch a thing, is a Forfeiture of the Honour he pretends to; for no man is truly Honourable, but a Good man, with whom this Titular Honour is of no Account. True Nobility does not advance it ſelf, and the great Ornament of an Illuſtrious Life is Modeſty. *Humility goes a great way in the Character even of the moſt Glorious Prince.*

VI. IF we would but take a meaſure of our little Bodies, and make a Search into our Infirmities, we ſhould find much to humble us, and very little or nothing to brag of. The Philoſophers tell us, that *the World is but a Point*: And yet we muſt be dividing even of this Point into Kingdoms and Dominions. The Earth we trample upon ſhall e're long be laid upon us; and of all our Poſſeſſions, we ſhall have only ſo much left as will ſerve to cover a cold and rotten Carcaſe. And is not here a goodly Foundation, think ye, for all our great and mighty Projects? This Conſideration, methinks, ſhould put a Check to our furious and inſolent Paſſions: there's no deſigning of Conqueſts, and ranging of Armies in the Grave. When the mad Humour is over, we ſhall come then

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(though too late I fear) to understand the Emptiness of Names and Titles; and that they are like Glass, the Brighter, the Britler; and the more they shine, the sooner they are broken. *The Oak that has been an Age a growing, is cut down in an hour.*

VII. HE that withdraws himself from Company, has cut off one dangerous Temptation: For Pride shews it self more or less, in proportion to the number of Spectators. People dress and trick up themselves to be seen. Are not all the excesses of Luxury, and Magnificence, for Ostentation? Did ever any Man expose the Pomp of his Vanity and Riot in a Desart? Ambition loves to shew it self in the Face of the World; and is never so well pleased as with a Popular Applause. When the Bee has made her Honey; the Horse finish'd his Course; the Tree brought forth its Fruit, their Business is at an End: But the man that is struck with Vain-Glory, accounts all the rest as nothing, without making himself the Idol of the Multitude, and to be adored, flattered, and pointed at by the Rabble. But certainly did we but daily consider who they are that commend us, we should hardly think them worth our Courtship. They are a Vain and Fickle sort of Men, the dregs of Mankind, and made up of Phrensie and Contradiction. They are short-liv'd, both the Bestowers and Receivers of these Applauses. The Earth it self is but a Point, and this is done but in a corner even of that Point. There were divers Dissenters too, and scarce a man of all the rest that knows his own Mind. *But 'tis a brave thing for a Man to make himself famous to Posterity*; that is to say, to those whom we never did see, nor ever shall. Why are we not as well troubled, that no body talk'd of us before we came into

into the World, as delighted to think how we shall be spoken of after we are gone out of it. Nay, let us give it for granted, that our Memories shall be perpetuated, and our Names live for ever. What then? what shall we be the better for this when we are dead? Or to come nearer, what are we the better for this same thing called Fame, even while we are living? A man is many times commended, where he is not, and tormented where he is. The value of every thing is in it self, and it self: And it is neither the better for a good word, nor the worse for wanting it. The Sun would be every jot as glorious without Spectators, as with them. The Rose is never the sweeter, nor the pleasanter; the Diamond is never the brighter for an Encomium. It is a strong proof of a Generous Mind, for a man to be content with himself, and not to depend upon the Breath of the Common-People for his Satisfaction. He that covets Praise, does not deserve it, for what is there in us, that is Praise-worthy? Frail and miserable Wretches that we are! (and at the best, but Unprofitable Servants.) If there be any man that has the Confidence to justifie himself, and say he has done his duty; let him have a care that he be really what he would be thought to be; and that he approve himself in that which the World esteems him for. Our Being, Life and Reason we owe to Almighty God, and the only thing we can claim to our selves, is our Iniquity. *Nothing we are, and nothing we have to boast of; and till we acknowledg this, we shall never be any thing.*

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Of the Government of the Body, and the Senses. How far the Body may be indulged. The Lust of the Eye, and Excess in Apparel are Condemned.

I. IN the Entertainment of our Bodies, we are to take care that they be kept in Obedience to the Mind, on the one hand; and want nothing that is necessary for Health, on the other. We are to provide for them, but not wholly to serve them. Give me Meat to lay my Hunger; Drink to quench my Thirst; Cloaths to keep me Warm; and Lodging to shelter me from the Weather; I'll ask no more: Nay we are to suspect all Superfluities; for, *whatsoever is beyond a Competency is a Snare.* He that is over-solicitous for his Body, is the contrary for his Soul: And certainly we are born to Nobler Ends, than to be slaves to our Carcases; which we are no otherwise to consider, than as the Cages and Prisons of our Minds. A Wise and a good Man does not so behave himself, as if his Body were the main end of his Being; but he takes care of it, because he cannot live without it. The Body is the Instrument of the Soul; and 'tis not for a Workman to neglect his Trade, and spend his whole time in ordering his Tools. It is the Sign of a Sot, to be always tending of the Body.

II. SINCE it is by the Windows of the Senses, that Death enters into the Soul, we are to draw

draw them, as much as may be, from the earthly Life, to the Heavenly, and to keep them from being altogether taken up with Worldly delights. (For we are to use them as Servants, not as Masters.) In the first place, we are to set a guard upon our Eyes. There is not any thing that more powerfully moves the Imagination, stirs the Appetite, or works upon the Mind, than a wandering Glance; and the Mischief is done in a moment. Wherefore let the inward Eye accompany the exterior, that we may see God in every thing we look upon; and when we shall have once learn'd to adore him in his Creatures, our next step will be, the Contemplation of His Divine Majesty, and to Worship Him in Himself. *A delicate well dress't Woman, is an elaborate Luxury.* There's Death in her very Looks, and if you stand to gaze upon her, you're undone. Comedies, Balls, and Publick Spectacles do but weaken the Mind, and fill it with Toys, that take us off from the Consideration of better things. *One error in the Eye, begets another in the Affections.*

III. HEARING is the Sense of Discipline; the Gate by which the Notions of Truth and Wisdom are convey'd into the Mind. If the Passage of the Ear be not narrowly watch'd, we shall entertain Lies and Fables for Verities, and Folly for Wisdom. We must keep out all Slanderers, Talebearers, Newsmongers, Babblers, Busibodies, Idle Impertinents, and whatsoever else is beside our main business. As in Musick, a Man is not only Affected upon the very instant of hearing it, but the Harmony leaves an Impression behind it, that works upon him when it is over; so in Conversation, a lewd Discourse, though it does us no hurt perchance at present, will be yet running in our heads

heads afterward, and create in us evil Dispositions. The less we hear Men about our Ears, the more shall we hear God in our Hearts. As to Perfumes and precious Odors, they are an effeminate kind of Luxury. Let us sweeten our Manners; for it is more noble and manly, to indulge our Souls, than our Nostrils. The Taste is to be humbled by Abstinence and Sobriety. The Touch by Discipline, Mortifications, and Austerities. Is it not better to punish the Body, and preserve it, than so to flatter and indulge it, as to ruine both Body and Soul for ever?

IV. ONE may give a shrewd guess at the humour of a man by his Cloaths: There is some regard therefore to be given to the decency of our Apparel and Dress. *A Fool is known by his Coat.* The ancient Sages among the Heathen would not suffer a man so much as to hold up his finger, without giving a Reason for it. Now tho' I would not be so strict, I could wish yet, that men would be a great deal more careful in many Cases than they are. I do not like profuse Laughter, Scurrility, loose Behaviour, Antick Motions and Gestures, a Huddling Gate, nor any thing whatsoever that may give Offence; as, foul Linnen, a greasie Doublet, an unpleasant Countenance, waggling the Head, or making Apes faces, yawning and looking about, as if one were weary of the Company; nor (in conclusion) any thing to make them weary of us. Many things may be well enough done, that are not fit to be seen.

V. MAN was created naked, and he was not ashamed; for he knew no shame in it. But after his Transgression, came in his shame; he lost his Innocence, that kept him in Countenance before, and made himself Breeches to cover his Nakedness.

But

But that which was Originally a Mark of Guilt and Shame, is now become a Badge of Dignity and Honour. Our Garments now a days, are not so much for Covering, as for Ornament, and to entertain the Eyes and Curiosities of others. The Trimming and Dress is the Index of the Mind. It is a Scandalous Effeminacy for a man to spend his Time betwixt the Comb and the Glass. If he that's Proud, or Enamour'd of an out-side, did but well consider what's under it, I am perswaded, it would take down his stomach. He that has Vertue in his Mind, never troubles himself about Lace for his Back. Vertue is best in her native Beauty, without Arts or Fucusses; and so glorious in her self, that if she were covered with Jewels, they would but serve her for a Foil. It is a miserable mistake in Men, to bestow so much Cost and Care upon the Body, and leave the Soul in all manner of Pollution and Uncleanness. To see men load themselves with Chains, and because they are of Gold, to glory in them too, without any Sense of Infamy or Contempt; as if the Metal made the difference. We are Princes in Golden Fetters, and Slaves in Iron. Some are only shackled with Gold, others are riveted and fastned to it. Their Ears are bored, where they carry a whole Patrimony in a Pendent; and that which was in old time a Punishment, is now become a piece of Vanity and Ambition. There is more pains taken about the ordering of a Peruke, than for the Security of the very Head it self. And so far has Folly prevailed upon the World, that we set the highest Value upon those things that ought to be our Scorn. I would have my Clothes plain and fit for my condition; such, as I would be neither proud nor asham'd of; not for Ostentation, but Necessity. It is not Gold and

Pearl that will keep any man from being deformed, who is not Clothed with Christ's Righteousness. This is the everlasting Beauty that shines in the Soul, when the Flesh is Worms-meat. *Who but a Madman will be at the Charge to Gild a Dunghill?*

CHAP. XI.

Of the Guard of the Tongue: How much it concerns us to Govern it, and the Difficulty of so doing: Certain Directions what we are to observe in speaking; what to avoid. How to behave our selves in case of Calumny or Slander.

I. THE Tongue has in a manner the Power of Life and Death; and it is of so great moment, the Government of it, that we are to look very narrowly to it. A Tongue without a Guard upon it, is like a City without a Wall. There is no taming of it without the special Grace of God. Lions, Bulls, Bears, are a thousand times more easie to be reclaim'd. Men are naturally given to be talkative, and presently to communicate their thoughts, as soon as they have conceived them: And then, being so near the Brain, the Fancy conveys it self down, and destils it self into Words immediately. It is not for nothing, that Nature her self thought fit to enclose the Tongue with the double Fence, both of the Teeth and Lips. Open the Mouth of a Glass, and the Spirits evaporate: Open the Mouth of a man and so does the Vigour

Vigour of his Mind. He looks but ill to himself, that lets his Tongue run at random.

II. WE are to consider before we speak, and not be blurting out, *without fear or wit*, whatsoever comes at our Tongues end. Let a man deliver himself candidly and clearly, without any Mystery or Disguise. God Almighty hath bestowed the Faculty of Speech upon us, for the Testimony and Propagation of the Truth. He that gives Licence to his Tongue, when he is in a Passion, will speak that in a moment, that he may repent all his life after: Let him therefore examine himself, and forbear till the storm is over. When a mans Mind is at quiet, 'tis an easie mater to keep his Tongue so too, for there is naturally a fair Correspondence between them. A sober and reasonable Discourse, is an Argument of a sound, temperate, and well-composed frame of Mind. And on the other side, the one blasts the other. *The Value of a man is best known by his Discourse.*

III. *BETTER not speak at all, than to no purpose.* We can make Choice of our Meats, why not of our Words too? We can examine what goes into our Mouths, and why not what comes out of them as well? for the latter is more dangerous in a Family, than the other in the Stomach. He that converses much with himself, and little with other people, is the wisest and the happiest man; for more have repented themselves of their speaking, than of their silence. Nay, even of Animals, the most apprehensive among them are the least clamorous. Women and Children are the most given to Babling. Many vain and unprofitable words are the certain Indication of a weak and a worthless man. If we love God, and study'd our own Salvation as we ought, our Discourse will be altogether of Him,

of Vertue and Perfection. Love can neither diſſemble nor conceal it ſelf, and where we truly love, we can talk of nothing elſe. We are not willing to treat of heavenly things, becauſe our Affections are not yet taken off from the Corruptions of the Fleſh. And then for want of Reading and Meditation, we are at a loſs even for matter, if we had never ſo good a will to the Diſcourſe. *Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth ſpeaketh.*

IV. WHEN Company meets, the better half of the Converſation is commonly ſpent in talking of other Peoples affairs: Where every man has almoſt as many Judges to ſit over him, as there be heads in the Town: But not a Creature that looks homeward. We are all of us as blind on that ſide, as we are ſharp-ſighted on the other. In Caſes of Reproof and Scandal, our ears are open to every idle ſtory; but let any thing be ſpoken to the Honour and Vindication of our Neighbour, we take no notice of it at all. Detraction is a common Fault, and the commoner, (like an infectious Diſeaſe) the more dangerous. But what have we to do with other Peoples Faults, when every man has work enough at home, to mend one? Have a care of blabbing Secrets on any terms: or of committing Secrets raſhly to any body; for it has been many a man's ruine. And whether a man be betrayed by one, or by more, it is the ſame thing. For a word paſſes from one to another, till it comes to all at laſt. This facility is commonly found among People that are full of Diſcourſe, and that love to hear themſelves talk: They are poſſeſt with a kind of Drunkenneſs, and when their their Tongues are once going, they can hold nothing, be it never ſo private and ſacred. They interchange their Secrets by turns; firſt the one, and then

then the other requites him as a ſeal of the Confidence. If the one keeps Counſel, the other tells all perchance to the next man he meets, 'till every body comes to know that, *under the Roſe*, which no body ſeems to know openly. But in the concluſion, it goes on ſo long in a Whiſper, 'till at length the Secret overflows, and becomes a publick Rumour. There is ſcarce any evil under the Sun which the Tongue has not had a ſhare in: We ſhould therefore weigh our Words, and Bridle our Mouths, for fear of bolting ſomewhat that had been better let alone. It is much more commendable to be ſparing of our words, than of our Money. He that ſquanders away his Eſtate, tho' he does himſelf hurt, yet others are the better for him; but the Profuſion of the Tongue, every body is the worſe for it. *To hear much and ſpeak little is a Divine Vertue.*

V. THERE is not any thing that ſcapes the Laſh of a Licentious Tongue. No, not the Princes of the Earth with all their Power. Not the holy Saints and Martyrs, with all their Sanctity and Innocence. Nay, our Bleſſed Saviour himſelf, when he was upon Earth, ſuffered under contumely and Reproach. So that we are not without great examples, to encourage and excite our Patience. He that behaves himſelf as he ought to do, under the perſecution of ill Tongues, may reap an advantage from them; for *Detraction is a kind of Provocation to Vertue*, and as good as a Bridle, to keep a man in the right way; and tho' it be a great wickedneſs it ſelf, in him that uſes it, there is not yet (in the Conſequence) a greater Enemy to wickedneſs in another. When any body ſpeaks ill of us, we are to make uſe of it as a Caution, without troubleing our ſelves at the Calumny. He that would diſ-

appoint the Malice of a venomous Tongue, let him slight it; let him but hold his peace, and it does him no hurt. If my Conscience tells me that I am Innocent; what do I care who tells the World that I am guilty? He's in fine case, that values himself upon other Peoples opinions, and depends upon the Judgment of Fools, for the Peace of his Life. When any man is ill spoken of, let him consider; if I have not deserved it, I am never the worse; if I have, I'll mend. If a Jewel be right, no matter who says 'tis a Counterfeit. It is not the decrying and discrediting of a Crystal Brook, that will turn it into to a Puddle: Nay, if you throw dirt into it, you shall see it clear again presently. Let us learn Vertue then from the very Fountains and Rivers, and maintain Tranquillity of Mind, in despight of Censure and Opposition. It is a womanish weakness and Levity, to be startled at every Report. To see a Child in the Mothers Arms tearing of her Hair; striking her, pinching her Breasts, clawing and slavering of her Face; there is not any body that will take this for an Affront, because the poor Creature cannot intend it so, and knows not what he does. No more ought we to be moved in the Case of a Calumny, than Parents are at this behaviour of an Infant. He that lets himself down to be wrought upon by an Injury, does too much honour to his Adversary: For where it vexes me to be dispised, it would wonderfully please me to be esteemed. This is the humour of a narrow Mind; And *no man shall ever be happy, whom Contempt can make miserable.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

Of the Internal Senses. The use of Opinions: The Mind is to be tinctured with good Thoughts. Of Bridling the Sensitive Appetite, and depraved Affections: Divers Precepts to that end.

I. IT is a main point of Wisdom, not to admit of any Opinion into the Mind, which is not consonant to Nature or Reason: Wherefore we are to set our selves against all the Inordinate Motions of Phansie, as the Logicians do against the Quirks and Fallacies of Sophistry. *My Son's dead*: I am not to blame for't; I could not help it. *My Father has disinherited me*: And that's the same case with the other. Well! *There's something that I take very ill*: Now this is not well done, for 'tis my own Act, and a thing in my own power to prevent. *Such a man bears his Misfortunes with great Honour*: He does well in't; for it was in his own power, and the thing it self is good. *My Friend is carried away to Prison*: That's no great matter. *Oh but he has very hard Measure* (you'll say:) correct Opinion and there's no hurt in that neither. We should deal with Imagination, as we do with a Madman, keep it in Chains for fear of mischief. For otherwise a wild Beast is not so ungovernable. It flies out, rambles, extravagates, hunts after Novelties, takes no rest, and knows no such thing as Moderation. We are to restrain, and fix it, if we can; for otherwise, instead of a clear and constant Reason, all our thoughts and resolutions are

to be steered only by Uncertainty and Opinion. *Whatsoever falls not within the Compass of the Mind, is beside our business.*

II. WHENSOEVER any thing presents it self to our thoughts, we are thorowly to examine the matter within our selves, First, as to the nature of the thing, simply and in it self abstracted from all things else. And then, as to the Properties, the End, Circumstances, Benefits: How far it may concern us; Whether it be in our power, or no? Without which we are to give it no admittance; but on the contrary, as much as possible to oppose it. Let every man remember, that there is a Searcher of hearts, and take heed of exposing to Almighty God those Corruptions in his Soul, which he would blush to own to a familiar Friend in an honest Conversation. Let our thoughts be peaceful, sincere, pure, and void of Malice: such (in fine) as if any man should ask us (on the sudden) what they are, we need not scruple to own them. We are not so much as to think what we are ashamed to speak. *The best way to keep out wicked thoughts, is to be always employ'd upon good ones.*

III. THE greatest Opposite and Enemy to the Reasonable Soul, is the Brutal and Sensitive Appetite: The Fountain of all Sins and Imperfections, the Adversary that we are always to fear and struggle with, till we have brought him (as far as may be in this life) under the Government of Reason. This is a Combat that admits neither Quiet nor Truce. We have a restless Enemy to deal withal, and it must be a restless Conflict. An Enemy that lurks in our own Veins; nay, the one half of us is in a Conspiracy against the other. We are to rescue our Souls from our Bodies, and to assault our selves: He that subdues his Passions, does a greater

greater thing than he that Conquers a City. I do not ask an Impossibility, and that we should utterly extinguish our depraved Affections; let us only learn to govern them: I am not for a Stoical Apathy, but for a Reasonable and a Christian Moderation. Nature was never guilty of any thing that is vain and superfluous. Take away all Affections, and you take away all Vertue. *Where there is no Combat, there can be no Victory.*

IV. THIS Dispute, I must confess, is both difficult and doubtful: For our Passions are a great deal older than our Reason. They came into the World with us, but our Reason follows a long time after: And when our Affections have a good while domineered and carry'd our Wills (blindfold, as it were) into all sorts of Specious Mistakes, under the colour of Good: then up steps Reason (in process of time, and fortified by Experience) to claim her right of Authority and Jurisdiction, and to put a check to the Tyrrany of our Brutal Appetites. As to the first Motions of Nature, there's no preventing, no avoiding of them; but then it concerns us to keep a strict watch over them, that they do not grow upon us; and if we find them unruly or impetuous, to subject them to the government of Reason. VVe may better struggle with Beginnings than with Habits. If we be but circumspect, we may easily keep our selves quiet: For he that forecasts what may happen, shall never be supriz'd. 'Tis too late to begin to Arm, when the Enemy is in our Quarters. in the multiplicity of our VVords and Actions, how much is there that might be spar'd! Let us therefore contract our selves; the less we have to do with the world, the less will be our trouble. And it is not for us to say, *This or that is a small business*, for I tell ye,

let it seem never so small, *It is a great Advance, the very first Step that leads to Vertue and Perfection.*

V. IF we may compare to a Tree, the Old Man in us, that derives his Original from the infected Seed of *Adam*; we may resemble Self-Love to the Root, a Perverse Inclination to the Trunk, Perturbations to the Branches, Vitious Habits to the Leaves, Evil Works, Words, and Thoughts to the Fruit. Now the way to hinder all subsequent Corruptions and Wickedness, is to lay the Ax to the Root, and to begin with Self-love. Take away that, and the whole Off-spring of Carnal Appetite is destroy'd at one blow. And this is done by Humility and Contempt of our selves. We must be lowly in our own Eyes, and not fear either the Scorn or the Displeasure of Men: We must chearfully submit to what Condition soever God hath appointed for us: *He that hates himself as he ought, shall be sav'd; He that loves himself as he ought not, is in danger to perish.*

CHAP. XIII.

Of Love, the Nature of it, Causes, and Effects. Its Remedies; and somewhat added of Hatred.

I. LOVE is a certain Delight or Satisfaction we take in that which is Good: The first Impression that affects the Appetite; proceeding from the pleasure we take in a known Good. It is the Cement of the World; the most powerful of all our Passions; subdue this once, and the rest are easily overcome. The Love which is Divine aspires

aſpires naturally towards its Original. All good comes from the Sovereign Good, and thither it tends. Let every man call his own Soul to a Shrift, and ſee what it is that his heart is moſt ſet upon: For it is either the God which he ſhould worſhip, or the Idol which he ſhould not. It is the Command of God, *that we love him with the whole heart*, and without a Rival. *He that loves any thing elſe, with his whole heart, makes that his God.*

II. BESIDE the ordinary Motives to Love, which are Vertue and Beauty, there is alſo a certain Agreement and Congruity of Minds and Manners; together with ſeveral Graces and Advantages both of Body and Mind: As, Modeſty of Behaviour, Induſtry, Nobility, Learning, Sharpneſs of Wit, *&c.* But *the great Attractive of Love, is Love it ſelf*; which, if accompany'd with Benefits, is ſufficient to turn, even the ſtrongeſt Averſion into a Kindneſs. Men of clear Spirits, warm and ſanguine Conſtitutions, mild and Gentle Natures, are much given to Love.

III. SO great is the Power of Love, that it does in a manner, transform the Lover into the thing belov'd. It is a kind of a willing Death, a voluntary Separation of the Soul and Body. He that is in Love, is out of himſelf; he thinks not of himſelf, he provides nothing for himſelf, and effectually, he is as good as no where at all, if he be not with the thing he loves: His Mind is in one place, and his Body in another. How miſerable is that man that loves, and loves not God! What Proportion is there betwixt a corruptible Object and the Immortal Soul! The end of ſuch Love is Vanity, and Vexation, and Diſappointment: Whereas he that loves God, lives always where

where he loves; in him, in whom all things live; and in a ſecure poſſeſſion of an unchangeable Good. In Carnal Love there is a mixture of Bitterneſs and Violence; but the Love of God is altogether humble and calm. The one is full of Jealouſies, the other has none. Here we are afraid of Rivals, and there we pray for them. We are to love God, if we love out ſelves; for we are only the better for it, not he. *Man is Changeable and Mortal, but there's no loſing of God, unleſs we forſake him.*

IV. IF we would have the love we bear to our Neighbour ſincere, it muſt be wholly founded upon Piety and Religion; abſtracted from all the common Conſiderations of Wit, Likeneſs, Good Humour, *&c.* The Platonic Love, which pretends from the ſight of a Corporal Beauty, to raiſe the Soul to the Contemplation of the Divine, proves in the end to be the very Bane of Vertue. It is very rarely that a Man ſtops at the view of a lovely Woman, without a deſire to come nearer; and whether it be a Ray only, or ſome kind of Faſcination with it, that paſſes from the Eye to the Object; ſomewhat there is that diſſolves a man, and ruines him. There's more danger in a ſlip of the Eyes, than of the Feet. The Cure of Love is the more difficult, becauſe the more we oppoſe it, the ſtronger Reſiſtance it makes: And if it be not checkt at the very beginning, it comes ſo inſenſibly upon us, that we are in before we are aware; but if we begin with it betimes, the Remedy is not difficult. One way of Cure may be by Diverſion, and plunging a mans ſelf into buſineſs, to put the thought of it out of his head: But then we muſt avoid all Occaſions and Circumſtances, that may mind us of the Perſon we love. For if we relapſe, there will be no remedy, but Time and Abſence; and we muſt

must expect to be perpetually seized with it, 'till in the end it's weary'd out, and falls asleep. Many have been cur'd out of meer shame, to see themselves pointed at, and made Town-talk, and then perhaps, they may have been brought to a better understanding of the Dishonour and Hazzard of their Proceeding. Others have relieved themselves by finding out of Faults and Inconveniencies, and by enquiring into the Errors, and Imperfections of the thing they love. But the last and surest Remedy, is to drive out a Carnal Love with a Spiritual; and to turn our Affections to God, to Vertue, to Heaven, and to Eternity, which are truly amiable. A generous Mind cannot but be asham'd to set his heart upon a Dunghil, *Evil Love corrupts good Manners.*

V. WHAT is it but a kind of Natural Love-Chain, that ties the whole World together, and the several parts of it? The Stars of the Firmament in their Motions, the Birds of the Air, and the Beasts of the Field. Now this Sacred Bond is only dissolv'd by Hatred, which leads to Division and Dissention, as Love does to Union. The most subject to this Vice are the Slothful, the Fearful, and the Suspicious; for they fancy themselves to be threatned with Mischief, which way soever they look. There are some People of so unsociable a Nature, that like Birds of ill Omen, they both hate and fear all things together. These Men are a burthen to themselves, and to Mankind, and to be avoided by all means, but with Pity, not Hatred. And in truth, there will be no place for Hatred, if we turn every thing to the best; for there is no man so ill, but he has some Mixture of Good in him. There is nothing truly detestable, but Sin and Damnation. If we turn our Hatred

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any other way, the harm is to our ſelves, and not to the thing we hate. For if we are commanded to love our Enemies, we are likewiſe implicitely commanded not to hate any body. The wickedneſs, I confeſs (but not the Man) we may and ought to hate, and it is there only that we can juſtifie our hatred. But if a man we muſt needs hate, let us begin at home, for there it is (even in himſelf) that every man may find his greateſt Enemy.

CHAP. XIV.

Of Deſire and Averſion. What is to be deſired, and what to be declined.

I. HE that ſubmits himſelf to God, that deſires nothing but with Reſignation, that accomodates himſelf to his Condition; that ſays, *Whether I be Sick or Well, Rich or Poor, Here or elſewhere; Be it, as it pleaſes God, his Will be done.* This is a happy Man. But when we come once to expoſtulate, and ſay, *When ſhall I go thither? When ſhall I have this or that?* We are in the ready way to be miſerable. For he that covets what's out of his reach, is condemned to a Wheel, ever purſuing what he ſhall never catch. Opinions, Thoughts, Affections, and ſome Actions too, are in our own power; but our Bodies, Riches, Honour, Preferments are not ſo. No man will pretend to forbid or hinder the former; but the latter are liable to Impediments, and hinder the Juriſdiction of another: So that we are either not to deſire them at all, or otherwiſe, to take them only during Pleaſure, and as Tranſitory Benefits which cannot long continue

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with us. There is nothing in this World desirable, for *the Figure of it passes away.* Nay, if we had our very wish, Death will come, and then we must leave all behind us. But within us, is an inexhaustible Fountain of Comfort, if we will but take the pains to dress it, and keep it open.

II. IT was the great business and wisdom of some of the Ancient Philosophers, the Government of the Passions; and upon the Consideration of the Powers granted by God unto Man, they came to this Conclusion, that there was *nothing properly to be accounted our own, but our Thoughts and Affections*: And by frequent Meditation upon this matter, they got so absolute a Dominion over the motions of the Mind, that by virtue of that Command, they did not stick to pronounce themselves (and with some Reason too) the only Rich, Powerful, and Happy men alive: Insomuch, that having exempted themselves from the Empire of Fortune, while their Bodies were even agonising in the extremity of torment, their blessed Souls were yet calmly exercised upon the Contemplation of Beatitude. But it was by daily Labour and Practice, that they brought themselves to this state of Indifference, for external things: And he that has has gain'd this point, does no more trouble himself for the want of any thing which he has not, than because he is not Emperour of *Tartary*, or has not wings to flie. *Those things that are without us, do not concern us.*

III. THIS may serve to put a check to our Appetites; which if they be not kept within Bounds, will run out into endless Extravagancies; and the more we grant them, the more they will crave. What does it signifie, to pour water down the Throat of a Man in a Fever? when his Grief

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is not a Thirſt, but a Diſeaſe. He that ſquares his Deſires to his Reaſon, is upon ſome certainty, but when they laſh out into Vice and Luxury, there is no end of their Importunity. He that contents himſelf within the limits of Nature, ſhall not need to want any thing he would have, but he that exceeds thoſe limits, ſhall be a Beggar even in the greateſt abundance. *A very little ſuffices Nature, but Appetite is inſatiable.*

IV. WE ſhould do in our Lives, as we do at a Banquet; when any thing is brought about and preſented us, we are modeſtly to take part: If it paſs by us, to let it go; if it be not yet come to us, to wait with Civility and Patience, 'till it does come. The like affections ought we to have for Riches, Honours, and other external things; at leaſt, if we will pretend to the enjoyment of ſuch a Serenity of Mind, as no Accidents ſhall be able to diſcompoſe. We are arrived at a bleſſed ſtate of Tranquility, if we can but advance thus far: But if we bring our ſelves once to a Neglect and Refuſal of whatſoever the World can pretend to offer us, our work is done, and we are effectually (even upon Earth) in Heaven already. Every mans happineſs is in his own power, if he will but keep his Deſires within Compaſs. He is the happy man that can have what he will, and that may every man, by confining his Deſires to what he can have.

V. THERE are many things we dread and abominate, as the greateſt Miſeries and Misfortunes that can befall us, which in the end prove the very contrary. They are Troubleſom, it may be, and go againſt the Hair, but they are inſtructive. Death, Baniſhment, Want, Diſgrace, Labour, Sickneſs, and the like; they are neither Evils in them-

themſelves, nor in our Power, nor are they properly our Concern. They are terrible only in Opinion, and not worthy of our Averſion. *Socrates* (aptly enough) calls them Bug-bears; only Vizours to fright Children, and the whole buſineſs is but a Maſquerade. Death it ſelf, is it any more than a Bugbear? How has it been Courted (even in the moſt hideous forms) by Multitudes of the bleſſed Saints and Martyrs! Nay by Pagans as well as Chriſtians; by *Socrates*, and divers others of the Heathen Philoſophers! There is not any thing in it ſo formidable, but only Conceit and Opinion. It is the fear of Death, and not the Death it ſelf, that is ſo dreadful; and ſo it fares too in many other Caſes. Let us turn all our Fear, and all our Hatred, to the Fear and Hatred of Sin.

CHAP. XV.

Of Joy and Sadneſs. How a Good Man ought to rejoyce. He that looks before him is not caſt down. Several Antidotes againſt Sorrow.

I. JOY, when it paſſes the bounds of Modeſty, draws on a kind of Diſſolution of the Mind. We muſt have a care of that, and ſo to moderate our Chearfulneſs, that if need be, without any Difficulty, we may diſpoſe our ſelves from Mirth to Sadneſs. Our Saviour (who was the beſt Judge of things) ſays not, *Bleſſed are they that laugh*, but *they that mourn*. It were a ſtrange indecency for a Chriſtian, that profeſſes himſelf a Follower of Eternity, among ſo many Perils both of Soul and Body;

Body; ſo many juſt grounds of Sadneſs, to ſpend his life in Gigling, and making Fools Faces, and tranſporting himſelf for Trifles. That fugitive earthly Pleaſure and the Joys we talk of, are very many times the near Forerunners of Sadneſs. *There is no true Joy, but that of a good Conſcience.* He that cheriſhes, and takes care of the one, ſhall never want the other; for it grows in his own breaſt. All other rejoycing is but Merriment and Frolick, without any Subſtance at all, and many a man laughs with a heavy heart. *True Joy is a ſerious matter*; and there muſt be a good Conſcience, honeſt Purpoſes and Actions; a Contempt of Pleaſure, and the peaceful Tenour of an unſpotted Life to maintain it. There can be no perfect Joy without Juſtice, Courage and Temperance. This is the Method of Vertue, firſt to Mourn, and then to Rejoyce.

II. *SADNESS is a Perturbation of the Mind, by reaſon of ſome preſent Evil, either real or apprehended:* But we do oftentimes find more trouble in the Opinion of things, than in the things themſelves. Wherefore be not too inquiſitive into the Qualities of things; as concerning Servants, (for the purpoſe) Lands, Moneys, Buſineſs; but rather take into conſideration the Opinion and Eſtimate we have of them. It is not in a Man's power to prevent Diſgrace, Robbery, Violence; but to make a right Judgment of theſe things, and to ſatisfie himſelf, that they are not ſimply evil, but often profitable; this is in his power. He that ſuffers under a preſent trouble, let him but turn his thought to a good Conſcience, which is a continual Comfort, and there's his Cure. Nothing can fall amiſs to a Good Man: Not that he does not feel it, but he maſters it, and conſiders all Adverſity, only as matter

matter for his Patience to work upon, as the Instrument of Divine Grace, and that which opens him a way to Eternal Glory. *A Good Man may be reputed unhappy, but he can never be so.*

III. IT does very much abate the edge of a Misfortune, to foresee it; and to say to our selves, *Whatsoever may be, shall be; for he that is prepar'd, can never be surpriz'd.* Disappointments fall heavy upon People that are agog upon Prosperity. What if a Man should lose half his Estate? What if all? What if his House should fall? his Corn be all blasted? his Friends forsake him? What if his Credit should be endanger'd? his Office taken away? his Gown turn'd over his ears? And to all this, let us add Sickness, Bondage, Ruine, Fire; it comes to no more than what every wise man is prepar'd for. There is no Calamity, which he has not thought upon before-hand, and made as easie to him by long Meditation, as others make it by long Sufferance. That which happens to any man, may be every mans case. Where's the Rich man that can secure himself from Hunger and Beggery? Where's the Great Man that may not fall into Disgrace and Contempt? Where's the Kingdom or Nation that may not be overturned and utterly unpeopled? *Have not we our selves liv'd to see the Head of a Great and Glorious Prince under the Hand of the Common Hang-man, and struck off by the command of his own Subjects?* A most execrable Villany, and beyond all Precedent? and these prodigious Changes are not the work of much time neither; there's but a moment betwixt Plenty and Beggery; the Court, and the Cottage, a Throne, and a Scaffold. This is the mutable Condition of Humane Affairs, What was another man's Lot to day, may be mine to morrow.

row. *No man bears ill Fortune, better than he that always expects it.*

IV. IN Prosperity, Vertue has little or no occasion of shewing her self; but in the time of Adversity, her Power is manifested in our Patience. *We are become a Spectacle* (saith the Apostle) *to God, Angels, and Men.* And it is a Spectacle in which God takes delight, to see a brave man grappling with ill Fortune, and leading all his Enemies Foreign and Domestick (Passions and Casualties) in Triumph. Tis nothing to govern a Ship in a smooth Sea, and a gentle Gale. He that is not try'd, lives in Ignorance. *Most unfortunate men,* (we cry) *that ever it should come to this!* (But on the other side,) *Most fortunate men* (say I) *that have had the benefit of this Experiment!* that we have supported our selves with Honour and Constancy, where others perchance would have shrunk under the Burthen. We are not therefore to yield and render up our selves in Crosses and Disasters; but to make good our Ground, and stand firm upon any Accident that can befall us: For 'tis but breaking of the first Shock, and we shall find the rest to be only Fancy and Opinion. The Works of Nature are found in us alike; but for Poverty, Discredit, Contumely, and what else the common People call Evils; some there are that bear them with Patience, and others without so much as taking the least notice of them: So that it is not the force of any Natural Impression that we labour under, but the Influence of a perverse Opinion. Why should a man belie himself then, and call any Calamity insupportable, which he may make easie when he pleases, only by changing his Opinion of it? Every man is just as unhappy as he thinks himself, and let him complain of what he will, his *Impatience is the greater mischief of the two.*

V. IS.

V. IS there any Sickneſs, or any Pain ſo obſtinate and ſtubborn, but Time will either abate it, or take it away? Now the Queſtion is, whether we ſhall put an end to it our ſelves, or ſtay till it comes to an end without us? For time will moſt certainly do that at laſt, which ordinary Prudence might better do at preſent. Nay, if we had never ſo great a mind to entertain and cheriſh Melancholy, it would leave us at length in ſpight of our hearts. Grief, 'tis true, when 'tis freſh, may find Tenderneſs and Compaſſion; but as it grows old, it grows ridiculous, and nothing more odious. If a miſerable Wretch were ever the better for ſobbing and lamenting, he ſhould have my conſent to ſpend a day and night in Sighs and Groans, beating of his Breaſt, and in all the Outrages that were ever exercis'd by a diſconſolate Creature. But if Howling and Crying be to no purpoſe, let us betake our ſelves to an invincible Reſolution, and ſtruggle with our Calamities. The Pilot deſerves to be thrown overboard, that quits the Helm in a Storm, and ſets the Ship adrift, at the mercy of the Billows: But he that ſtands to his Tackle, and *bears up againſt foul Weather*, (though he ſinks with the Veſſel) periſhes yet with Honour, and the Comfort of having done his Duty.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

Of Hope and Deſpair: And how we are to moderate both.

I. THAT Hope which is not plac'd upon Almighty God, is vain and deceitful, and in effect, but a waking Dream. Why ſhould any man torment himſelf with the Expectation of things to come? He that deſires nothing, hopes for nothing; and he that contemns all earthly things, deſires nothing; for *no Man can deſire what he deſpiſes.* Nor is it enough for any one to tell me, that the thing he hopes for is eaſily compaſs'd, or that his hopes never deceived him as yet; for let them be what they will, they carry great Trouble, Uncertainty, and Anxiety along with them. A man ſhould no more hanker after, or graſp at things out of his Reach, than leave the plain Way, to wander among Thorns and Precipices: No leſs uneaſie is the one to the Mind, than the other is to the Body. He that lives in Hope, has not one moment of quiet, ſo long as the will wants the thing it hopes for.

II. WE ſhould never caſt an eye upon any thing, either without us, or about us, but with this Conſideration: *It is all Tranſitory, and Frail.* How ſtrangely do we forget our ſelves! Are we not born Mortal? And this day, nay this very hour what aſſurance have we of it? Do we not live upon Truſt, and is not Death at the very heel of us? It is by God's Power and Mercy that we live and have a Being. From him we have received all, and when he calls, to him it is that we are to render

render all without repining. *He's an ungrateful Debtor, that speaks ill of his Creditor.* There is not any thing under Heaven, that we ought to hope for; And Heaven it self is the only warrantable Subject of our Hope.

III. DESPAIR proceeds from a sluggish Abjection of Mind, too great an Apprehension of Difficulties; a Criminial Distrust of our selves, and a defect both of Resolution and Industry. This weakness may be overcome by suggesting Encouragements drawn from the Examples of those that have extricated themselves out of greater Straits. Let us begin then, and press forward; for God will assist our Endeavours, and all Difficulties will be made easie to us, so soon as we shall have relinquish'd the false Opinions that have mis-led us. There's not any thing befalls us, but what was allotted us from Eternity, and it is either tolerable or otherwise. If it may be born, we are not to despair, but to endure it: If not, it will make a quick end both of it self, and of us too, and we are not to despair there neither. If we cannot endure it, 'tis short; if we can, 'tis light. It is in our own power, to make many things tolerable, by balancing them with the benefit and convenience that attends them. *Affliction is the occasion of Virtue.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

Of Fear: The Vanity of it, and how to master it. Rashness to be avoided; and something more of Anger.

I. I HAVE known many People without any visible, or so much as probable danger, run raving up and down, as if they were stark mad, upon the bare Apprehension of some Imaginary Mischief to befal them. The Torment they endure is unspeakable; what betwixt the Impression of a present, and the Apprehension of a mischief to come. There are many Misfortunes which we create, and have a Being only in the Imagination. There are others which threaten us indeed, but afar off, and they'll come soon enough of themselves, without being drawn on before their time. There are some so weak, as to govern themselves by Dreams and idle Phansies, without any reasonable ground of Conjecture at all; and to be startled at every foolish Rumour. A word mistaken is enough to break their sleep; and the Apprehension of a Great Man's Displeasure, puts them directly out of their wits; not so much for the Displeasure it self, as for the Consequences of it. But these are vain Thoughts, and the vainer, the more Troublesom. For Truth has its Measure and Limits, but Imagination is boundless. And the main Difference I find betwixt the Sufferance of a Misfortune, and the Expectation of it, is this: The Grief for what hath befaln us, will over; but the fear of what may befal us, hath no end.

II. HE that would deliver himself from the Tyranny

Tyranny of Fear, let him take for granted, that what he fears will come to pass; and then enter into a Computation upon the whole matter. Upon this Deliberation, he will certainly find, that the things he fears are nothing so terrible in themselves, as in the false Opinion of them. 'Tis a hard case for a Man to be banished, or laid in Irons. 'Tis a terrible pain to be burnt alive. And yet we have many instances, not only of Christians, but Infidels also, that have Despised and Triumphed over all this; and more indeed, than this amounts to. *Stephen* suffered death with a quiet Constancy of Mind, and pray'd for his Persecutors. *Laurence* rejoyces upon that Gridiron, and braves the Tyrant. The Virgin *Appollonia*, leaps into the Fire. *Anaxarchus* is chearful in the Mortar, under the very stroak of the Hammer. *Socrates* takes off his Cup of Poyson, as if it had been a Frolick, and drinks the Health to *Critias*. What is there now so terrible in the Faggot, or the Gibbet, or in the train of Executioners, and Officers of Justice that attend it? under this Pomp and Formality, which serves only to fright Fools, there lies Death: That, which so many thousands of Men, Women and Children, have not only Welcom'd but Courted. Set aside the noise, the hurry, and the disguise in these Cases; and let every thing appear in its own shape, we shall find there is nothing terrible in the matter, but the mere Apprehension of it: And that it fares with us great Boys, as it does with little ones; our very Nurses, and our Playfellows, if they be but dress up with a white Sheet, or a Vizard, are enough to put us out of our Senses. Nay, and we are the fillier Children of the two, for we are struck with a Panick

Terrour, not only at the Counterfeit of a Reality; but the very Counterfeit of a Counterfeit torments us.

III. BRING it now from a particular to a common Cauſe; and let every Man ſay to himſelf, I have a frail and mortal body, liable to diſtempers, ſickneſs, and in the concluſion, to death it ſelf. All this I have known from a Child, and the many ill Accidents that threaten me. What have I now to fear? Bodily ſickneſs? My Soul will be the better for't. Poverty? My Life will be the ſafer, and the ſweeter for't. Loſs of Fortune? Why then farewel all the Cares and Dangers that accompany it. Loſs of Credit? If I ſuffer deſervedly, I ſhall deteſt the Cauſe, but approve the Juſtice: If wrongfully, my Conſcience will be my Comforter. Shall I fear a Repulſe? or a Diſappointment? There never was any Man, but wanted ſomething or other that he deſired. Baniſhment? I'll Travel, and Baniſh my ſelf. Loſs of my Eyes? It will deliver me from many Temptations. What if Men ſpeak evil of me? It is but what they are us'd to do, and what I deſerve. Shall I fear Death? It is the very condition I came into the World upon. Well! But to dye in a ſtrange Country! All Countries are alike, to him that hath no abiding-place here. But for a man to dye before his time! As if a Man ſhould complain of having his Shackles knockt off, and being diſcharged of a Priſon before his time. We are not to look upon Death or Baniſhment, or cauſes of Mourning, as Puniſhments, but only as Tributes of Mortality. *It is a ſenſeleſs thing to fear what we cannot ſhun.*

IV. LET us take heed of being over-confident; and venturing at things beyond our ſtrength; for,

for, no Man is more liable to miscarriges, than he that presumes too much upon himself. All our sufficiency and strength comes from above, and we can do nothing of our selves, without God's assistance: Our Presumption arises from too high a conceit of our selves, too mean a one of our Adversaries; together with a rash headiness of Nature, that understands neither Reason nor Business. The wise Man is cautious, and adventures upon nothing, without first taking the measure of his own Abilities: Whereas he that is over-hasty, and presumptuous, falls on without any consideration; and, after the first effort, when he finds the difficulty greater than he imagined it, his courage falls and faints: And he comes at last, to an acknowledgment of the vanity and unadvisedness of his mistake. *Security is the fore-runner of Calamity.*

V. HE that would govern his Anger, must begin with a contempt of the pretended Causes of it: For it is not the supposed Injury, but the false opinion of it, that does us the mischief: We provoke, seize and enflame our selves, and then cast the blame upon others. *No man is injur'd, but by himself.* We should do well to cokes and flatter our Minds, as Nurses do their Children. *Be quiet, and thou shalt have it*; be not Angry, do not struggle, and make a noise, and thou shalt see, things will be well enough yet. I would have a Man set apart some certain days, and say to himself, *I am resolved, that nothing shall make me angry this day, whatever it be.* Let him but proceed then, from a day to a week; from a week to a month, and so on; he shall soon grow so much the Master of himself, as to make that his Diversion, which formerly was his Torment.

A gentle and peaceable Humour, is a very agreeable Comfort in Society; but to him that is endued with it, incomparably a greater Bleſſing: For in all Difficulties, it is ſtill chearful, and in all Conflicts victorious.

CHAP. XVIII.

Of the Faculties of the reaſonable Soul. The Underſtanding is not to be employ'd upon Curioſities. What ſtudy is beſt. The evil of medling with other Peoples manners. Not to concern our ſelves for other Mens Opinions. Of ſelf-denial.

I. OUR Underſtanding was given us by Almighty God, to the end that we might know him, and love him: But ſin has given it two wounds, Ignorance and Blindneſs; for we are at a loſs, firſt, in the knowledge of Truth; and then, in the knowledge of Good and Evil. We are therefore (in this ſtate of danger) to take at leaſt as much care, what we admit into the Underſtanding, upon the Recommendation of the Senſes, as whom we receive into a Town, in time of a cloſe Siege, or a raging Peſtilence. The Senſes make the Tender, and the Underſtanding takes, and whatſoever the Judgment allows, is propounded to the Will. But the Senſe preſents both Good and Evil; and it belongs to the Mind, either to entertain, or refuſe.

II. WE are in the firſt place, to keep the Underſtanding from amuſing it ſelf upon vain Subtilties

Subtilties and Curiosities: It was given us for Divinity, and substantial Wisdom; and it is our part to Husband it, and not squander away so excellent a gift upon Trifles. He that ventures upon an unknown Herb, to learn the Temper and Qualities of it, if it prove a strong Poyson, his Life is hazarded in the very scrutiny, without attaining his end: Such is the case of those that will be prying into impertinent and abstruse Curiosities; they are lost beyond recovery, even before they so much as know what they would be at. *To know that which a Man is never the better for, is next door to downright Ignorance.* He that would be truly wise, does not study to get a Name, but to order his Life; and how to relieve his Mind, rather than how to delight it. What is any Man the better for knowing the influences of the Stars, if he be still a stranger to his own Infirmities? For all the Flowers and Excellencies of Elocution, if he has not yet learned to hold his Tongue? Let him that delights in Novelty, renew himself: That takes upon him to refute other Mens Errours, begin with his own. Let him that delights in History, to see what other People have done, consider in the first place, what he is to do himself. Let him that makes it his business to compound differences among his Neighbours, not forget to pacifie his own Tumultuary Passions. We spend so much time upon Superfluities, that we have none left for things necessary. *That's the necessary knowledge, that makes us rather Good, than Learned.*

III. TO what end is it, that we puzzle and perplex our selves about Controversies, which, for the most part, would be more for our Credit, to contemn than to resolve. It is the better

half of our ſtudy, to learn thoſe things, which we are, in honour, to forget, as ſoon as we have them. But there is an Intemperance of Knowledg, as well as of other things. There is no end of Books: Our Libraries are furniſh'd for Sight and Oſtentation, rather than for Uſe. The very Indexes are not to be read over in an Age. And in this multitude, how great a part of them are either dangerous, or not worth the reading? It may be well enough to take a taſte of many; but when that's done, we are to ſet up our reſt upon a few. It is not ſo much from Books, as from Practice and Examples that we are to expect the Improvement of the Mind.

IV. *OH the Vanity of Mortals*! to ſpend our Lives and our Spirits upon Humane Arts and Sciences, (as if we were never to die) without any regard at all to the thought of a Life everlaſting, which is not to be acquired by profound Learning, but by Probity of Manners, and Simplicity of Vertue. What are we the better for the Voluminous Hiſtory of the World, even if we had it all without Book? for the Records of all the Tyrannies and Rebellions that ever paſt from the Creation of the Univerſe, to this Inſtant? How much better were it to check the growth of our own Iniquities, than to tranſmit the ſtory of other Peoples. Geometry teaches us to meaſure our Lands; but why do we not firſt learn to meaſure our Neceſſities? Arithmetick teaches us to count what we have got, but why do we not rather learn to contemn it, and chearfully to part with that, which with ſo much carking and caring we have ſcrap'd together? Muſick ſhews us how to make up a Harmony of ſeveral Voices; but it were much more for our benefit,

benefit, to learn the Art of Reconciling our Senſe and Reaſon: Nor is the skill of Flats and Sharps near ſo much to our purpoſe, as the Science of moderating the Affections; ſo as neither to be puft up with Proſperity, nor dejected in Adverſity. Not that I diſlike the knowledge of theſe things; for I eſteem them to be very Laudable Accompliſhments: But in the ſecond place, and after we have ſtudied our ſelves, and what more concerns us. *He that knows every thing but himſelf, knows in effect as much as comes to nothing.*

V. IT is a ſordid and infamous humour, to be prying into, and medling with other Peoples matters; to be obſerving and deſcanting, upon Lives and Manners; and to make the worſt of every thing. What have I to do with the Servant of another, who is to ſtand and fall to his own Maſter? *The great Judge of the World, has reſerv'd Judgment to himſelf; and he that preſumes to Judge his Neighbour, invades the Throne of the Almighty:* Let every Man enter into the Privacies of his own Conſcience, and ſee what Good is wanting in him, what Ill abounds; and he'll find work enough at home to imploy his Pragmatical Spleen upon, without hunting after the faults of others. And there's no Protection neither, againſt the Sting of a Malevolent Wit, and a Licentious Tongue. Was not our Saviour himſelf, taunted and traduced by the Jews: And is not the Holy Goſpel daily perverted by Hereticks? It is with diſtemper'd minds, as with Melancholic Bodies; whatſoever they take, turns to Corruption. The Action is moſt commonly qualified by the Intention; and Good or Bad accordingly: But *this is only known to him that ſearcheth the*

Heart and the Reins. But let the Action we Cenſure be never ſo Foul, and the Perſon never ſo Guilty; what is it yet to us? How unchriſtian an Indecency is it, to expoſe the Nakedneſs of our Brother for a Publick Spectacle? Why do we not rather obſerve our ſelves? Judge and Condemn our ſelves? And turn the Point of our Malice upon our own Hearts? *He that's a ſevere Judge to himſelf, ſhall eſcape the Judgment of the moſt High God.*

VI. THEY that are ſo quick-ſighted, to diſcover other Peoples failings (out of a deſire to be thought ſhrewd men) are commonly as jealous of being *paid in their own Coyn*; and of being Hated, Contemned, ill thought of, and ill ſpoken of by others. Toward the ſubduing of this Vice, we are firſt to Moderate the Pleaſure we take in the Acclamations and Applauſes of the Multitude, and then utterly to caſt away all curioſity of knowing what the World thinks or ſays of us; for we are many times poſſeſt with a ſuſpicion, that ſuch or ſuch a man talks ſlightly, and has a mean opinion of us, who is ſo far from ſpeaking amiſs, that he ſays nothing at all of us, nor has us ſo much as in his thought. Let a man ſay with the Apoſtle, *If I pleaſed men, I were not the Servant of Chriſt. 'Tis little to me that I am judged by you*, &c. Such as we are with God, ſuch we truly are; and neither the better nor the worſe for the Opinion or Diſcourſe of men. *'Tis much better to be good, than to be ſo eſteemed.*

VII. IF we would have nothing fall out contrary to our Will, we muſt abſolutely lay it down, and Will nothing at all, but in ſubmiſſion to the Will of God. This is the way that leads to a true Tranquillity of Mind, and to a laſting Peace. He that wiſhes for nothing but what he ſhould, may live as he would. It is the only Felicity of this Life,

Life, to ſquare our Wills to the Will of God. He who from all Eternity has appointed the end, has likewiſe appointed the means; and whether the way be ſmooth or craggy, through Proſperity or Adverſity, it is ſtill what God has allotted us, in order to our Eternal Bliſs. He that obeys Divine Providence, and follows it chearfully, does well and wiſely: For let him lag and hang off never ſo much, he'll be forced to follow in ſpight of his Teeth. (Beſide the Impiety of his Diſobedience.) *God Almighty leads the willing, and draws the unwilling.*

CHAP. XIX.

Of the State of Proficients. Divers Helps to Improvement. The value and the uſe of Time. God is always Preſent.

I. IT is a good ſtep toward Vertue, for a man to be Conſcious of his own Iniquities, and to deſire to mend: Without which, we go backward every day, from bad to worſe. When we are once in the way, we muſt go on as we began; and the more haſte we make, the ſooner ſhall we enjoy the Serenity of Mind which we aim at. *It is a good ſign, when a man comes to ſee his failings better than he did*: As it is in a Patient, when he comes to be ſenſible that he is ſick. Every man is apt to flatter himſelf, and therefore let us have a care of being over-credulous. If, upon the ſifting and examining of our Hearts and Thoughts, we find an Abatement of our Luſts, a greater firmneſs of Mind than ordinary, and a more abſolute com-

mand of our ſelves, we are in a fair way of Proficiency and Improvement. It is an Ineſtimable Bleſſing, for a Man to be Maſter of himſelf, and to be at Unity with himſelf. *A good man is unchangeably the ſame. A wicked man is perpetually at variance with himſelf.*

II. IT is but one days work to arraive at the higheſt pitch of Holineſs, if we would but turn with our whole Hearts, from the Creature to the Creator. Now whether our Converſation be ſincere or no, we ſhall know by theſe marks: If we be out of love with Vanities and Tranſitory things: If we delight in Solitude and Contemplation: If that pleaſe us beſt that is Perfecteſt: If we prefer a good Conſcience to God-ward, before an empty Reputation among men. If we do all this, it goes well with us: But *the moſt powerful inducement to Vertue of all the reſt, is the daily Meditation of the Life and Paſſion of Chriſt.* That Story is the Book of Life; and ſufficient to bring us to Heaven, if all the Libraries in the World, Authors and all, weret utterly deſtroyed. But it is not yet enough, barely to know Chriſt, and Meditate of him, unleſs we likewiſe immitate him, and lead our lives in conformity to his Word and Example. The way to rectifie that which is crooked, is to bring it to the Rule.

III. IT was well ſaid of ſome-body, that good order is as neceſſary to the Mind, for the gaining of Vertue, as it is to the Body for the recovery of Health; for there are a Thouſand things in the way elſe, to divert and retard us. As, the inordinate love, either of our ſelves, or any of thing elſe: Impatience in Loſſes; the over-much indulging of our ſelves in our Appetites and Pleaſures, whether in Meat or Drink, Converſation, or the like; the plunging

plunging of our ſelves over Head and Ears in the Affairs of this World, and being too much wedded to our own Opinions; rejecting the motions and Inſpirations of the good Spirit within us. Theſe obſtacles muſt be removed, and we are to encounter them, with Reſolution and Vigour; we are to proceed with Readineſs, Alacrity and a good Intention, and with an Induſtry anſwerable to the Excellency of the Work in hand. It is not the number of our Exerciſes, but the thorough doing of them; not ſo much the thing it ſelf, as the manner of doing it, that avails us.

IV. OUR days are upon the Wing: Time flies away, and there is no recalling of what's paſt: Our Life depends upon the Future, and is ſtill looking forward: And we conſume it in mere Preparation, till Old Age and Death it ſelf overtake us, unprovided for it. It is in our Lives as upon the way, in good Company. The time paſſes away in Chat and Diſcourſe, and we are at the end of our journey before we are aware. For, ſleeping or waking, we ſtill keep on our pace, and paſs inſenſibly to our laſt end, even before we think on't: What is it then that we trifle for? Why do we linger and dally? Time muſt be laid hold on immediately, or it is gone for ever. The value of a day, nay, of an hour, is ineſtimable, and the loſs of it irreparable. If a man comes to enter upon our Eſtates, or there falls out any diſpute about a Landmark, we muſt preſently to Law and Arms. But our time and our life is open for any man to take that pleaſes; ſo Prodigal are we in the only caſe where we may be honeſtly covetous. We are not to compute life by the number of years, but by the well imploying of them; and let the Oldeſt man alive diſcount for the time he has ſpent in Sleep,

Sleep, Luxury, Quarrels, Viſits, Lazy ſauntrings up and down; in doing juſt nothing at all, or at beſt, nothing to the Purpoſe, without ſo much as minding what he did, and he ſhall find, that at the end of a Hundred years he dies a Child. We are apt enough to lament the loſs of our Time paſt, and yet we loſe more ſtill in the Lamentation: Why do we not rather improve the preſent, while we have it, to prevent a late Repentance? Why do we loſe this inſtant, which is our own, and pretend to diſpoſe of the Future, which is out of our power? In effect, Life is but a moment, and delay is abſolute loſs. *He that puts off to day, comes too late to morrow.*

V. IT is to Almighty God, that we are to direct all our Thoughts, Words and Deeds; to the excluſion of any other Object, applying our ſelves wholly to his Bleſſed Will. *He that takes God for his Guide, ſhall be ſure never to miſs his way*: Nor ſhall he miſcarry in any of his affairs, who directs all to God's glory, and lives, as in his holy preſence: Neither is it poſſible for any man to avoid his All-ſeeing Eye, which reaches not only to our Words and Actions, but pries into the Thoughts of our Hearts. And he's in a great miſtake, that when the Door is bolted, and the Curtains drawn, reckons himſelf to be alone; for there is no place ſo dark, or ſo retired, as to exclude the Omni-preſence of God, *in whom we Live, Move, and have our Being*: Whether we Eat or Drink, Walk or Diſcourſe, our Thoughts are to be always upon him; we are to do our utmoſt, to render our ſelves worthy of the favour of his Countenance, and not to do thoſe things in the ſight of an All-ſeeing God, which even before a Temporal Judge, we would be aſhamed of. Every man ſhould live, as if there were

were only God and himself in the World; and chearfully imbrace the Lot which Providence has set out for him, whether Prosperity or Adversity. We are to seek God, and whether we find him by this or that way, it matters not, Provided that we find him at last.

CHAP. XX.

Of the good of Solitude. Ill Company to be avoided. The Vices of the World, and what they are. Vertue, the study of a Proficient. How to know when we have attained it.

IT is a great Argument, of a clear and well composed Mind, when a man is at Unity with himself; for he approaches in some degree, to the Felicity of God himself, who, in himself is blessed for evermore. Neither can he be said properly ever to be alone, that is, never separated from Christ. If so it be, that we cannot hold our Tongues, we may talk to our selves, but let us be sure then that we talk to honest men. If you would know now, what a man should say to himself; why truly the same things that he is used to say to others of his Neighbours. Let him speak ill of himself, to himself; let him call himself to an account for all his sins, and punish himself for whatsoever he finds amiss, and he'll never want matter to work upon. Let him retire and give himself leisure for Contemplation; but let him then conceal his very Retirement. He that makes Proclamation of his Solitude, retires only to be more

more Publick, which is a kind of ſlothful Ambition. Now there muſt be a Retirement of the Mind too, as well as of the Body, to make it Beneficial and Comfortable. We muſt withdraw our ſelves from all vain Employments, and not only from Company, but from all things too which do not concern us; we muſt not admit ſomuch as any Creature, no nor the very Image or Idea of any Creature, into our thoughts, we muſt blot out of our Minds, all the toys and fooleries of this World and in the moſt ſecret receſs of our Souls, addreſs our ſelves to God alone. In this Privacy of Mind, in this Oblivion of all idle and impertinent things, we ſhall gain peace of Heart, true Tranquility, and Repoſe. Let this be our retreat then, and this our buſineſs: For we ſhall certainly find God there, where the Creature is abandon'd.

II. IT is rarely ſeen, that any Man is good himſelf, who keeps ill Company: For there is nothing ſo deſtructive of good Manners, as to Herd with the Multitude, who do commonly leave a man worſe than they found him. It is not for a tender and unſettled Mind, to reſiſt the force of *ill examples*, that break in upon a Man, with a kind of Authority and Credit; for men are apt to run over to the ſtronger ſide. The man of the *Guſto*, gains upon us by degrees, and takes us by the Palate. A rich Neighbour ſtrikes us with Envy, or Avarice, and many a man has been undone by an ill example. Our very Parents, our Companions, our Servants, draw us ſome way or other into Miſchiefs. The whole World is full of Snares and hazards, and we are no ſooner out of our Mothers belly, but we are encompaſt with dangers, as if we were dropt into the quarters of an Enemy. There is not any man living hardly, that does not either

either recommend ſome Wickedneſs to us, or imprint it upon us, or at leaſt infect us with ſome evil diſpoſition, before we are aware. Oh the delicious ſweetneſs of thoſe bleſſed hours that a man ſpends in his Private Family or Study; apart, from the noiſe and buſineſs of the People! How calm! How gentle! not ſo much as a Cloud, or a Breath of Wind, to diſturb the Serenity of his Mind. But, by and by, ſome body calls him out; away he goes, gets more Company, makes up a Club, and never fails of falling into ſome exceſs or other, and returning worſe than he went out. This is the Fruit of Publick Converſation; but we are not ſenſible of the damage we receive in Company, till we come afterward to reflect upon it in Solitude. Let us make what haſte we can then into our ſelves, before we are overcome with the Contagion of the Vicious Multitude. *The Mind that is moſt contracted, is moſt chearful.*

III. LET a man but imagine himſelf upon the top of an High Mountain, and there taking a Proſpect of the miſerable World, he ſhall quickly ſee enough to put him out of love with it, and all that's in it. Nothing but Robberies at Land, Pyracies at Sea, the Tumults and Horrors of War, Human Blood ſpilt like water; Sin and Iniquity broken looſe, and beating down all before it; Look into the Cabinets of great men, and you ſhall there ſee ſuch ſpectacles of Brutal Luſt, as cannot but diſguſt and nauſeate the very Actors themſelves; and every where elſe, ſo boundleſs a Licence and Diſorder, that we would almoſt ſwear the whole World were a *Bedlam* (but the Mad-men are too many for the Sober) and their Number is their Juſtification. The Laws themſelves are turn'd into Snares, and Innocency is there Invaded, where it ought to be Pro-

Protected. The not guilty is in more danger than the guilty; and the Judge more criminal than the Prisoner: For *where there is Money, there can be no Transgression.* A pack of calumniating Knaves in one Place; a troop of fawning Parasites in another; here Feuds, there Flatteries: one man wallowing in his Wine, another stretching himself upon his Bed. Insatiable Avarice on the one side; Slavish Ambition on the other. In all Publick Assemblies more Vices than Men: Sins of irreverence toward God, injustice toward our Neighbour, and Abuse of the Creature: So that being guilty of all sins, they are to expect that all Sins will rise in Judgment against them. One would think that this view of the World might be sufficient of it self to take off any mans heart from the love of it: But when a man considers the difficulty of mastering so many Temptations, and bearing up against so many ill and Powerful Examples, certainly he cannot chuse but bethink himself of a Retreat. It is a hard matter for a man to love Innocence, where Wickedness is in Authority and Credit: If it does not absolutely corrupt us, it will yet puzzle and hinder us. The only way to be safe and quiet, is to retire into ourselves, where we may look upon the VVorld, without being endanger'd by it. He that has renounced external things, and withdrawn into himself, is Invincible; the VVorld is to him as a Prison; and Solitude, a Paradise.

IV. BUT we are never the better for quitting the World, if we do not Vigorously apply our selves to the Study and practice of Vertue; without which we can have no Comfort, no Repose; and having that, we can want nothing. There are three things that seem to have a fair Analogy, one with

with the other. In all things, and above all things, is God himself: Among Senſibles, is Light, and among the Perfections of the Mind, is Vertue. God is the Light and Vertue of all things: Light is the Vertue of the World, and the Image of God: Vertue is the Light of the Mind, by which we are called, and become the Children of God. Without a pure Mind, there is no attaining of this Perfection; for Vertue is the Perfection of a man, that repairs all our failings, and fills us with Delight; ſhe raiſes up our fleſhly Nature, in things Spiritual. She is the Rule of Life, a Light to the Blind: She beats down Sin, and brings us to Eternal Life. In the ſtudy of Vertue, we are to learn what it is (in the firſt Place) both in general and in particular: *For no Man ſeeks he knows not what.* VVe are then to keep our ſelves in the continual practice of it: Like Souldersthat will be ſtill exerciſing and skirmiſhing even in time of Peace, and without an Enemy: Very well underſtanding, that theſe Encounters, though but repreſented, and in jeſt, keep them in breath and readineſs for Aſſaults in earneſt. Let a man ſuppoſe himſelf under all the Oppreſſion and Indignity imaginable; *ſtript to his Shirt, and thrown upon a Dunghill,* and let him then make trial of his Patience, as if this were his very caſe indeed. He that exerciſes himſelf before the Barrel, will be more reſolute in it: *He that has often loſt Blood, goes Chearfully to the Combat.*

V. THE Habits of Vertues, are the VVork of Time: And we ſhall know when we are poſſeſt of any of them, by theſe Tokens. VVe have made a good Progreſs toward any Vertue, when we have extinguiſh'd, or at leaſt in a Large meaſure,

ſure, ſuppreſt the contrary Vice; when we have brought all our Paſſions to a ſubmiſſion and obedience unto Reaſon; when the Practice of Vertue is become not only eaſie, but Delightful to us; when in Contempt of Temporizers, we ſtand up with a generous Freedom, in the Vindication of Vertue, againſt all oppoſers; when we come once Naturally to abominate thoſe things, which formerly we doated upon, with a depraved Inclination; when the love of Vertue is grown ſo habitual to us, that we allow our ſelves in nothing that is ill, no, not ſo much as in a Dream; when we come to imitate what we approve in others, and to abſtain from what we reprehend; when nothing that is amiſs ſeems little to us, but worthy of our greateſt care and diligence to avoid; when we can ſee our Equals preferred, without Envy; when we have the honeſty to confeſs our Faults, and ſubmit them to Correction and Reproof; when we can content our ſelves in the Teſtimony of a good Conſcience, without making publication of our good VVorks. (VVhich in the very doing, are their own reward,) when the whole buſineſs of our Life is Vertue, which is always in Act, and never tir'd.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

Of Theological Vertues. Faith is to be manifested in our Works. In God alone we are to put our trust. Motives to the love of God. The Love of our Neighbours shews it self in good Offices. An Exhortation to Charity.

I. *FAITH is the Basis of all other Vertues, and the Foundation of Christian Life; without which, no man can please God.* This is the Wisdom that has subdued the World, to which we are firmly to adhere, without any unnecessary Curiosity or Disquisition. But we are to do, as well as to believe; for *Faith without Works is dead.* Now while we are Christians in Profession and Discourse, let us have a care, not to be Infidels in our Lives and Manners. If we believe the Gospel, why do we not obey it? If we do believe an Eternity, why do we prefer a momentary Life and Pleasure before it? What are we the better for believing that which is True and Good, if in our Actions we be false and wicked? A good Faith, and an ill Life will hardly stand together: *For he that believes aright, will practise what he believes.*

II. SINCE most certain it is, that all things are ordered and governed by an Over-ruling Providence, insomuch, that not a Bird of the air, nor the Leaf of a Tree, falls to the ground without it: This methinks should give us Courage and Confidence in all Extremities; and a full Assurance that our Heavenly Father will never fail us at a time

time of need. Let us therefore cast our selves wholly upon the Mercy and Good pleasure of Almighty God; and not depend upon the help and counsels of man, which are deceitful and uncertain. What if matters go cross, and beside our expectation, so as to unsettle the whole course of our Thoughts and Affairs? What if we should be visited with Sickness, threatned with false Accusation; perhaps worse Accidents? Our trust is in God, our dependence upon him: And who knows but the Divine Wisdom has made choice of these Afflictions, as the means to bring us to Eternal Glory? The Afflictions of this Life, are as nothing to him, that has his heart fixed upon the blessings of a better: Whatsoever a man hopes for, he may compass, and reckon himself as possest of what he believes.

III. CHARITY is the Mistris of all Vertues, and is directed either to God, or to our Neighbor. To God in the first place; whom we are to love with all our heart, with all our soul, and with all our strength; (merely for himself, and for his infinite Goodness) above all things that are amiable: For, it is to his Grace and Mercy, that we are indebted for our Being, Life, Motion, Sense and Understanding. He it is that hath delivered us from the Bondage of Satan, dignified our Souls with infinite Priviledges, and prepared Eternal Life for us, of his own free Goodness, without any antecedent Merit. The Heaven, the Earth, the Air, the Water, and the whole Universe, call to us aloud, to love and serve that God, who has made all these things for our service. If the good of the Soul be the thing we look for, what need we go further than to God himself? who is the only, and the Soveraign good, great and desirable beyond imagi-

imagination. It is only by Love (though in a vaſt diſproportion) that we can acquit our ſelves to the Almighty, in kind. Love is Active, not Idle: it does not ſeek its own: It ſurmounts all difficulties; and, *He that loves truly, may dye, but cannot be overcome.*

IV. *NATURE has implanted in all reaſonable Creatures, a love of Society,* Which ought to work more really in Chriſtians, who are called to the ſame Faith and Glory, and are Members of the ſame Body. No man can love God, that does not love his Neighbour. Now this Love to our Neighbour is exerciſed in conferring of Benefits, doing all ſorts of good Offices, and going before others in Humility and Kindneſs. The grace and value of a Bounty lies much in the chearful and the ſpeedy applying of it: For there muſt be no ſtop, but in the modeſty of the Receiver; there needs no more to the relief of a neceſſitous perſon, than that we know his wants: For, it breaks the Heart of a Generous man, to be put to beg it; and the Favour is ten times as great, when it prevents the asking of it. It is rather a purchaſe than a gift, when a man receives a Benefit upon a Requeſt. He that gives a Prayer, or a Bluſh, for a good turn; pays dear for't. In caſes where we could not fore-ſee, or prevent a ſuit, we are however to ſhew, that we would have done it, if we could, by our manner of granting it; which ought to be ſpeedy and chearful. There muſt he good words, as well as good deeds: It muſt be done frankly, and without either Vanity or Reproach. It is a great kindneſs to put a Petitioner quickly out of his pain, by ſtopping his mouth, and doing his buſineſs, ſo ſoon as ever we know it. And then, *we are not to blow a Trumpet, when we give*

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an Alms. The thing will speak it self; and *he that sees in secret, will reward us openly.*

V. AMONG the Acts of Christian Charity, there is not any thing more acceptable to God, nor any more effectual proof of our Faith, than that compassion to the poor, which we exercise in giving of Alms. Let us therefore have a care of despising the poor; who, though necessitous themselves, have it yet in their power to make us rich. It is a kind of redeeming our selves with our money; and turning an instrument of Avarice, into an occasion of Mercy: Shall we give more for a place in a Play-house, than for a place in Paradise. We pay Duties and Taxes to Temporal Princes, let there be never so great a Dearth; And can we not afford, out of our Adundance, a morsel of Bread to the King of Heaven, in his poor Members? He that is Close-handed to the Needy in his Distress, is Guilty of his Brothers Blood. He that does not feed him, Murthers him. Our thoughts are so much taken up with Providing for our Heirs, that we never so much as think what shall become of our selves: But we had better abate a little of their Patrimony, than to hazzard the main of our own Salvation. But let us come to a Reckoning, and see what are our Possessions in this World? What do we pretend to in the next? In Death we have nothing left us, but what we have sent to Heaven before-hand, by the hands of the Needy. Men of little Faith! There's our Treasure. A Thief may Pick a Lock, and break open our Coffers here below, but Heaven is Impregnable.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

Of Prudence. The Neceſſity and the Difficulty of it. The Duty of a Wiſe Man.

I. AS a Workman is nothing without his Line and Level; ſo, neither are We, without Prudence. It is the Eye of the Soul, the Art of Life, the guide of all our Actions, and the Rule of other Virtues: There is no living comfortably without it; but exceedingly difficult it is, and obſcure. It is difficult: Firſt, in regard of the Comprehenſion of it; for, it takes cognizance of the whole Univerſe, in it ſelf, and in every part of it. Secondly, In reſpect of the Uncertainty of Humane Affairs; which, by reaſon of infinite Variations and Accidents, and their dependencies upon divers Circumſtances, are hardly reducible to a Rule: Nay, there are many times ſuch contrarieties and diſagreements, as are almoſt impoſſible to be reconciled. The Obſcurity lies in this, that we ſee only the Appearances of things, when the Springs and Cauſes that move them, are in the dark: We ſee only the top of the Building, but the Foundation is out of ſight: Beſide, that the good or bad event of things is concealed in the Unſearchable Decree of the Almighty; ſo that there are very few Men wiſe enough, to make the beſt of their buſineſs.

II. WISDOM is the Product of Experience and Memory. The one teaches us what is beſt to be done; and the other minds us when we are to do it. He that commits himſelf to general experiences, and does not venture out of his depth, is ſafe. To do wiſely, a Man ſhould firſt take

take a measure of himself; and next, of the matter he takes in hand, for fear of over-valuing his own strength. One Man is undone by presuming too much upon his Eloquence. Another runs himself out of his Fortune, for want of proportioning his Expence to his Estate! A third, kills himself with laying more upon an infirm Body, than it is able to bear: Wherefore we are to compare our Force with our Undertaking; and to have a care of Burthens that are too heavy for our shoulders. We should not meddle with any thing neither, but what we may hope to go through withal. The next thing is the choice of our Companions; for, we had need have a very good opinion of those People, with whom we propound to divide our Lives: And to look narrowly into their Conversation, that we be not ruin'd for our good will. We are (in Conclusion) to examine our selves how we stand inclin'd to the thing in Question; for, *'Tis lost labour, to go about to force Nature.*

III. IT is a hard matter for a Man in Passion, to distinguish Truth and Honesty from Errour and Delusion; so that it is a point of Prudence, not to enter upon any considerable Action in a Distemper of Mind: For there is no greater Enemy to Wisdom, than Precipitation, which brings many a Man to destruction, beyond recovery: Wherefore nothing is to be done Headily, or without good advice. *Men are naturally unstable, and irresolute: Providences uncertain; Events dubious: And Experience it self proves many times deceitful. In the multitude of Counsellors, there is safety.* There are many easie People that judge of things by the Gloss and Out-side only; and so fall into great mistakes: But the wise man passes a strict enquiry

quiry into the things themſelves, abſtracted from all Artifice and Impoſture; into the Qualities, and not only into the Names of things. For, what is Money, Reputation, Title, but a ſuperficial Varniſh to dazle Children and Fools? We are to place our ſelves, as upon a Watch-Tower, where we may diſcover all Accidents afar off, without danger of being ſurpriz'd, and crying out with the ſenſeleſs Multitude; *Who would have thought it*! We are likewiſe to proceed with deliberation, maturity of judgment, and diligent examination of things; for fear of ill Circumſtances: For there is ſo near a reſemblance betwixt Vice and Vertue, that we may very well miſtake the one for the other; and entertain that for Wiſdom, which is nothing in the World but Craft and Cunning. When we have once made our Election, we are without delay, to put our purpoſe in execution: For, *good Counſel, without Execution, is of no effect.*

CHAP. XXIII.

Of Juſtice and Religion; The Acts of both, Repentance, and wherein it conſiſts.

I. JUSTICE is a Glorious and Communicative Vertue; ordained for the Common good of Man-kind, without any regard to it ſelf. Thich is it that keeps Men from worrying one another, and preſerves the VVorld in peace. It is the Bond of Humane Society, a kind of Tacit Agreement, and Impreſſion of Nature; without which there is not any thing we do, that can deſerve Commendation. The juſt Man *wrongs no*

body, but contents himself with his own; Does good to all; Thinks and speaks well of all: Gives every man his due, and is not any man's hindrance. Where he is in Authority, *he commands righteous things; lies open to all; prefers a publick good before a private; punishes the Wicked, rewards the Good, and keeps every Man in his duty.* Where he is in subjection, *he preserves Concord, lives in Obedience to Laws and Magistrates; contents himself in his station, without hankering after Offices and Preferment; and is no medler in other peoples matters.* He is just for Justice-sake, and asks no other reward than what he receives in the comfort of being just.

II. RELIGION is the most excellent of Moral Vertues; and is exercised immediately upon the Honour and Worship of God: Of which this is the first point, to know and believe him; and then to adore him for his Majesty and Goodness. Barely to know God, is not sufficient; for, the Devils themselves do as much that hate him. There must be Love and Adoration, as well as Knowledge. I wish we did but discharge our duty as well as we understand it. There's none of us but acknowledges God's Providence in the ordering and governing of the World; his Omnipotency, Glory, and Goodness, and from his Mercy it is, that we hope for Eternal Happiness. Why do we not pay him that Veneration then, which belongs to him? but prefer a little pitiful dirt before him? Religion lies not so much in the Understanding, as in the Practice. He that is truly Religious, walks as in the presence of God, and studies perfection The most acceptable Worship of God, is the imitation of him, which does, in a manner, unite us to God, and God to us; but it must be free then from wandrings, negligence

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and sin. It is to no purpose to talk like Christians, and live like Infidels. This was it that made a famous Heathen Philosopher to say, that, There was *nothing more Glorious than a Christian in his Discourse; nothing more miserable in his Actions.*

III. REPENTANCE is that which brings us to a Detestation of sin, with a full resolution of Amendment, which reconciles us to God. To a Detestation, I say, of our past sins, wherefore the pleasure likewise is past; but the Guilt, the Torment, and the Condemnation sticks by us. To conceal our Iniquities, is to no purpose; for, *A Guilty Conscience passes Sentence upon it self.* Conscience is a kind of Tribunal which God Almighty hath set up in all reasonable Souls, where every man is his own Accuser, and both Witness and Judg against himself. Let us therefore enter into a strict and daily Examination of our selves, and without hiding, mincing, or slipping of any thing, call all our thoughts, words, and deeds to a strict account. He that says, *Lord be merciful to me a Sinner*, finds mercy. What am I the better for concealing my faults from other people, so long as I am conscious of them to my self? Unless I had rather be damned in private, than absolv'd in publick: Whatever we do with our Bodies, there's no avoiding of our Consciences; when we come once to cast off that regard, we are most miserable.

IV. OUR Life is divided into what's past, present and to come. The present is but a moment, and in the same instant beginning and ending. The future has no Being, but only in Prospect; but whatsoever is past, we can summon and call before us at pleasure. Many people are afraid of their own memories, because if they look back, their sins flie in their faces. But this should not be. Fre-

quent Reflexion is the readeſt way to Reformation. The more we conſider our Tranſgreſſions, the more ſhall we abhor them, and the leſs will be our danger of a Relapſe. Nothing more ordinary, than for a man that has ſcap'd Shipwreck in a Storm, to renounce the Sea upon it, and to bleſs God for the Mercy every time he thinks of the danger. It would be well, if we had the ſame ſenſe in the hazard of our Souls, which we have in that of our Bodies; and ſay, *It was a great ſcape: Let us take it for a warning, and run our ſelves no more upon the ſame Rock.* God hath ſpar'd us as often as we have offended; and ſhall we preſume then, and be the worſe for his infinite Goodneſs? We are many times plodding and forecaſting what we are to do for the future: And why can we not as well bethink our ſelves of what we have done already? For we muſt take counſel of the time paſt, if we intend to govern our ſelves as we ſhould, for the time to come. Many a man might have come to be wiſe in the end, if he had not thought himſelf ſo before his time. *In the way of Vertue there is no ſtanding at a ſtay: He that does not daily advance, loſes ground.*

CHAP. XXIV.

Of Piety and Obſervance. The Commendation of Obedience and Gratitude. How to receive and how to requite a Benefit.

1. IT is a point of Glory, beyond expreſſion, when a man ſhall be able to ſay, *I am the Son that never diſputed his Fathers command; but whether it were eaſie or hard, ſubmitted to it with*

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Chearfulneſs and Reverence: I am the man that never fail'd in his duty to his Country, to his Brethren and Relations; but made it the buſineſs of his Life to oblige and ſerve them. Theſe we call Offices of Piety, where a man's Country, Parents and Kindred are in the Concern. And what is Piety in this caſe, we call Obſervance and Reſpect in others; that is to ſay, in what relates to our Superiours, in Honour, Wiſdom, Age, Religion, Holineſs; as Princes, Prelates, Tutors, and the like, to whom we render all ſorts of Reverence; whether by Riſing, uncovering the Head, giving the Way, Alighting, Kneeling, Kiſſing the Hand or Robe, according to the uſage and cuſtom of the place. Now the higher eſteem we have of them, the greater will be our Reverence; for it ſtrikes us in an aw, and keeps us at ſuch a diſtance, as manifeſts the ſence we have of the diſproportion betwixt us. *All Power is from God*; and what reſpect ſoever we render to our Superiours, it falls very much ſhort of what we owe them, if we conſider that we Reverence God in them.

II. AS by the diſobedience of our firſt Parents, Miſery came into the World; ſo by the Obedience of the Son of God, are we reduced into a capacity of Happineſs, if we will but be obedient our ſelves. Obedience is the perfection of all things, and the firmeſt Connexion of them with their Original; paſſing by a moſt admirable Circulation From God, unto God. Our Saviour gave it a preference, above all other Vertues, and parted with his own life to preſerve it. It is a kind of Immolation of the Will, which is ſaid to be better than Sacrifice. When my Superior, or the Law commands me, I am not to reaſon the matter, and diſpute it, or deſire to be excuſed; but

candidly, and without delay, to ſubmit, and to do what I am bidden, with an equal readineſs and alacrity, whether it be agreeable or unpleaſant; provided always, that there be no claſhing with the Will and Law of God; for in that caſe, we may be allow'd to be Refractory and Diſobedient; but in all others we are to ſubmit, without expoſtulation or murmur.

III. GRATITUDE is the ſenſe of a Debt for a Benefit received. In the firſt place, we are to ſet an eſtimate upon the Benefit which we are to value; partly, for the thing it ſelf; and in part, for the Kindneſs, and Intention of the Benefactor. He that lies under an Obligation, ſhould be often thinking of it, that it may never go out of his mind; for the man that forgets a Good turn, will hardly requite it; and he that remembers it as he ought, has, in effect, requited it already. In the point of Gratitude, there's no need of Money, Labour, Felicity; but the Will paſſes for the Deed, be the Benefit never ſo conſiderable. Let the Receiver behave himſelf chearfully, and in ſuch a manner, as that the Benefactor may read his ſatisfaction in his Countenance, and ſo reap ſome fruit of his bounty in the very Act of conferring it. It is a great delight for a man to ſee his Friend happy, much more to make him ſo. The frank, kind and thankful entertainment of a Favour, is a good part of payment. Some people cannot endure to think of their debts, and thoſe never had a mind (from the very beginning) to be Grateful; but he that extols a kindneſs, and wiſhes he could requite it, though he deſpair on't, has as good as requited it. I have ſeen ſome people look askew, and ſqueemiſhly (I know not how) when they have borrowed money, and take it in ſo odd a careleſs faſhion, as if they would

would have it thought the greateſt favour in the World for them to accept of it. He that is not ſenſible of an Obligation, does not deſerve it; and a *cold Acknowledgment is worſe than none at all.* It is the part of an honeſt man, in the very inſtant of receiving a Benefit, to bethink himſelf of a Return; for he's a Betrayer of his Truſt, that will not reſtore what he has received. Nor is it enough to give a man his own again; but kindneſſes are to be repaid with Intereſt. There is a Gratitude even in the Earth it ſelf, that yields us our Grain again with Intereſt. And yet we muſt not be too quick neither in our Returns: Some there are, that ſo ſoon as ever they receive one Preſent, will be ſure to ſend back another; as who ſhould ſay, *now I'm out of your dirty debt:* But this is rather an Affront, than a Requital.

CHAP. XXV.

Of Truth, and the uſe of it. In Commendation of ſingleneſs of Heart. The Acts of Fidelity.

I. WHATSOEVER we ſpeak, write, or by any action hint, or geſture give to underſtand, let it be Truth; or nothing can be more ſcandalous than a falſe Tongue in the Mouth of a Chriſtian. It is a vulgar and unmanly ſin, to ſpeak one thing, and think another. He that is Generous, will deliver things ſimply as they are, without Aggravating, Amplifying, Palliating, Shifting, or Jugling. Plain Truth muſt have plain words: She is Innocent, and accounts it no ſhame to be ſeen naked: Whereas the Hypocrite or Double-

dealer, ſhelters and hides himſelf in Ambiguities and Reſerves. The Evil-ſpeaker hates the Light, as well as the Evil-doer. We are not to ſhift our Opinions, as we do our Cloaths, and to carry one appearance in private, another in publick; one thing in the face, and another in the Heart. Nature her ſelf has an Abhorrence for it, as we ſee in Children, even before they come to the full exerciſe of their Reaſon. The Lye is one of the firſt Reproaches they are ſenſible of, merely by the impulſe of an In-bred Averſion to Falſhood; wherein is remarkable the providence of God, that has implanted thoſe Principles in our Souls, and made thoſe Vertues natural to us, which are of abſolute neceſſity for the ſupport of Humane Life and Society. It is an abominable thing to belie the Truth, even in words; but the Lye of Life is the moſt pernicious of all others. With what face then can we exclaim againſt the baſeneſs of a Lying Tongue, when our whole Practice and Converſation is but one continued Lye all through? It's a great matter for a man to conſiſt with himſelf.

II. SIMPLICITY is a Vertue, ſcarce known among men, but of great worth and value in the Acceptation of God; who being Integrity and Simplicity in the Abſtract himſelf, requires likewiſe ſimplicity of Heart in thoſe that worſhip and ſerve him. By this ſimplicity, is underſtood an invariable Tenour of Life; which without any diſguiſe, or Hypocriſie, is really what it ſeems to be. He that is indu'd with this Vertue makes no ſcruple of frankly confeſſing his Imperfection, where there is occaſion. He deals Candidly and clearly, without any fraudulent or crafty deſign and intereſt in his proceeding: He believes all men honeſt, and ſuſpects no body. But ſtill under the

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guard of a prudential circumspection, he makes it his Study to be wise to God-ward, tho the World Calls him Fool for his pains; and the single business of his Life to please God. Why do we trouble our selves then about many things, when there is but one thing necessary? which is, that by an undivided affection, we may become acceptable in his sight, who is Unity and Simplicity it self. *There is but one way, to one and the same end.*

III. I look upon Fidelity as one of the greatest and most valuable advantages of Mankind. Take away this, and you destroy Commerce, Friendship, Leagues, and even Government it self. So necessary is this Vertue, and yet withal, so scarce, that it is hardly to be found upon the face of the Earth. Witness our Voluminous Conveyances; the infinite cautionary circumstances of Witnesses, Hands and Seals, the Numberless Provisions of Security, to make a Contract firm and binding, and all little enough yet, to prevent Subornation and Fraud: So sordid are most People, that their Faith is not so dear to them as their profit. How shameful a Confession is this of our Deceit and Wickedness, that we can neither trust, nor be trusted without Witnesses, and Securities! That we rather commit our selves to our Parchments, than to our Souls. But a man of Honour and Integrity will sooner break his Heart than his Word; he will betray no man's Secrets; he will not forfeit his Parole even to an Enemy; no, not if he had a Thousand Crowns and Lives at stake. He is not easie to promise any thing upon the sudden, because he knows that *hasty Promises are commonly followed with speedy Repentance.* But when his Word is once past, he stands as firm as a Rock, unmovable, unalterable; that is to say, *unless the*

Promise were unlawful, and in that case the Obligation ceases.

CHAP. XXVI.

Of Friendship; the qualities and duties of it. Certain Precepts for Conversation.

I. THERE is not any thing more necessary, more commodious, or more delightful in the course of Humane Life, than Friendship. It is the kindness of two Persons grounded upon Vertue, and supported by a mutual communication of all Comforts and Benefits. Now how great a Blessing this is, let any man judge, when two minds are so prepar'd and disposed, that my Friend's Breast is as my own; my secrets as safe there: And in case of my particular good, my own Soul is the less tender of the two. He is my Companion in Solitude, my Councellour in Difficulties, my Relief in Sadness, and the joy of my Eyes whenever I look upon him. He is my Confessor in all my Scruples; and I never meet with him (so much as by chance) but I'm the better for him. There are some little Creatures that a man takes no notice of at the present, till he finds afterward, by a Tumour or Inflammation, that they have stung him; and so it is in the Conversation of a True Friend; we find the Blessing of it in the Effects, but when or how we received the Impression, we know not. Friendship to be perfect, must be Reciprocal; but it is nobler to love, than to be beloved; and therefore we are to consider Benevolence as the foundation of it. The secondary part, of loving again, may have as much of Justice and Gratitude

titude in it, as of Kindneſs. The moſt Illuſtrious Friendſhip of all, is that which is cemented by a Religious fear and love of God, without any regard to Intereſt, Paſſion, Perſonal Kindneſs, Flattery or the like. *There can be no ſubſtantial and laſting Friendſhip between wicked men.*

II. IN the choice of a Friend, we cannot be too wary. The Proverb bids us *eat a buſhel of Salt together, before we reſolve upon't.* But there are four Qualifications however, which are eſſentially neceſſary to the perfecting of a Friendſhip; that is to ſay, Faith, Intention, Prudence, and Patience. The firſt is a matter of great difficulty and hazzard; for there is hardly that man upon Earth, whom we can ſafely entruſt with the privacies and concernments of our Lives and Fortunes; and then, if we be deceiv'd, we're loſt. In the ſecond place, the Intention muſt be pure; for otherwiſe, under the colour of a Celeſtial Friendſhip, there may be advanced ſome common and beaſtly deſign. There muſt be great Prudence too, for there occur many niceties in the enterchange of amicable offices and duties. The fourth Requiſite is Patience or Conſtancy of Mind, which will enable a man to endure any thing, rather than forſake a Friend in his diſtreſs. If it ſhall be our good hap to meet with a perſon whom we judge to be thus qualified, we are not to reſt upon that opinion without a further ſearch. But to enquire what Friends he has had before, and how he has us'd them, and expect that he will hereafter be the ſame to us, which he has been formerly to others. *A Faithful Friend is a Living Treaſure*; Ineſtimable while we have him, and never enough to be lamented when he's gone. There is not under the Canopy of Heaven ſo great a Bleſſing, as to be link'd in a Friendſhip with a perſon that

that loves a man only for himself, without any respect to the Circumstances of Fortune, Table, good Humour, or the like; that sets us right in our mistakes, encourages, relieves and supports us in all Extremities. There is nothing more ordinary than to talk of a Friend, nothing more difficult, than to find one. There is not one man of a milion, that loves *Gratis*; and he that loves for By-ends, cannot properly be said to be a true Friend. His kindness is only governed by his profit. Take away the Cause of his Friendship, and that goes too. *True Friendship is there most wanting, where we imagine it does most abound.*

III. WE are to treat a Friend that stands in need of reproof, as a Physician does his Patient; he spares neither Fire nor Lance to cure him. We must behave our selves with Liberty, Boldness, Constancy, without neglecting or dissembling any thing. *It is a damnable kind of respect, to pay a Reverence to Wickedness.* But still, let the Admonition be private, and managed with all possible softness, both of Language and behaviour. Before the Friendship is contracted, we do well to pause upon it, and deliberate; but When the League is struck, there must be nothing but freedom and confidence. *He that speaks to his Friend, does but talk to himself.* The truth of it is, a man should so live, as not to trust even his own heart with what he might not safely commit to an Enemy. But seeing that there are many things, which Custome and Decency have made Private, there is yet subject matter enough for the Trust and Confidence of Friendship. Some people I have known so sick of a secret, that they'd still throw it up to the next man they meet; and publish in the Market-place, what was only fit for the ear of a particular Friend. Some again are so scrupulous on the other

other ſide, that they'll ſmother all, rather than truſt the neareſt Friend they have in the World: (no not themſelves neither, if they could help it.) They are both in the wrong, as well for truſting every body, as no body; only the one is the honeſter miſtake, and the other the ſafer. But the former is ſafe enough too, if we would but turn our care from the Concealment of what we have done, to the doing of nothing that we care who knows.

IV. THERE is ſome Affinity betwixt Friendſhip and Courteſie, or Affability, which is a great ſweetner of Converſation, and keeps it within the bounds of modeſty and few words. A good man has his ears open, and his mouth ſhut; and deſires rather to inform himſelf, than to publiſh himſelf; and to be a gainer by the Company, rather than to ſquander away of his own. We ſhould do well to acquaint our ſelves with the ways and humours of thoſe we converſe with, how irregular ſoever, and not to take notice of every trivial childiſh Impertinence we meet with. It is a low and womaniſh weakneſs, only to frequent thoſe that ſay as we ſay, and blow us up with Flatteries and Applauſe. I would have a man to ſpeak ſparingly of himſelf, and his own Affairs: Not to be over-ſtiff in defending his own opinion; nor to talk too Magiſterially in a ſtile of Authority. When we encounter any thing that diſpleaſes us, let us but try, before we condemn it in others, if we be not guilty of it our ſelves. By ſo doing, from whatſoever we ſee or hear, we may draw ſome advantage. *And things are at a good paſs, when one man is the better for another man's faults.*

V. THERE are a ſort of men, that, if they do but ſee any thing out of the *mode* of the place where they live, will preſently ſtand gaping and laugh-

laughing at it; and a man of the fashion, passes for little better with them than a Monster. This is a most inhumane Levity of mind, to adore our selves, and make a scorn of others. For we should set an esteem upon every thing, for what it is, and not for what it seems to be. It is the Novelty, the Artifice, the Rarity, the Difficulty, the Pomp, the Reputation, and the outward appearance, that enhances the price of every thing with the people: Whereas the wise man rates it according to the Intrinsick value, and reckons as nothing, all the rest, which is so much the Wonder, and the Idol of the Brainsick Rabble. If we do not pinch and streighten our selves, it is our own fault if we make not some profit of whatever happens. Why do we not imitate the Comedians? They can Weep without Grieving; Purchase, without Possessing; Command, without Authority; Threaten, without Revenge; and Chide, without Indignation. The business is, they Act other mens lives without any concern of their own; and why we should not order our selves in Society with the same Indifference, I know not: The whole World is but a great Theatre, where there are as many Players as Men. Let it be our care, as much as in us lies, to be rather Spectators than Actors; for the latter take all the pains, and do but make sport for the other.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVII.

Of Liberality; what it is, and how to be exerciſed. Wherein it differs from Magnificence.

I. I Do not call that man Liberal, who does (as it were) pick a quarrel with his money, and knows not how either to part with it, or keep it. (For he does not give it, but throws it away.) He is the Liberal man that diſpoſes of it according to Diſcretion and Reaſon. He proportions his Bounty to his Ability: He beſtows it upon thoſe that want it, and picks his time too, when it may do them moſt good. Liberality is a Vertue that may be extended to the receiving, as well as to the conferring of Bounties, but the latter is here intended; for it is more Honourable to Give, than to receive. It is not for any man to ſay, *If I had a Fortune, I would do ſo, or ſo*; for where there wants power and means, the very will is ſufficient. So ſufficient, that in truth, it is the main point of the Obligation; Which lies not ſo much in the profit of the Receiver, as in the Intention of the Donor. Does any man thank the Sea for letting him ſail upon't? or his Orchard for a Basket of Apples? or the Wind for a favourable gale? and yet theſe are all Benefits, but not conferr'd upon us by Voluntary Agents. Moreover when we are in the Bountiful Humour, the Quick-doing is the Grace: We muſt not ſay to a Friend, *come again to morrow*; and ſo torment him with delay and expectation. He that gives heartily and kindly, gives ſpeedily. A Generous nature thinks he can never make haſte enough. *The Fa-*

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vour is twice as welcome, that meets the Receiver at half way. A Courteſie comes ſo hard from ſome people, accompanied with ſo much ſourneſs and inſolence, that a man had better be without it.

II. HE that lives only to himſelf, without any regard to the Good and Utility of his Neighbour, can never be happy. What is there, that any man ſhall pretend to ſpare, as his own? *when all men of Eſtates, are in effect, but Truſtees for the Benefit of the Needy.* The Bags that we keep under ſo many Bolts, and which we have extorted from the Fatherleſs and Widow, by Violence and Blood: If we reckon upon them as ours, we are exceedingly miſtaken: For, alas! They are but depoſited with us for the relief of others. Or however, 'tis but the rifling of our Coffers to night, and they change their Maſter to Morrow. If we would ſecure them, and make them our own, we muſt beſtow them. Nor is it ſo much a Bounty, as a Purchaſe, the parting with them. *For he that gives to the Poor, lends to the Lord*; and (for the temporal advantages of Money, Land, Houſes, and the like) ſecures himſelf of a bleſſed Eternity in exchange. Money is never of ſo much value in the Hord, as when it is communicated, and thrown among the Poor.

III. WHERE the expence is moderate, we call it Liberality; where it is high and ſplendid, Magnificence; which ariſe both of them from the ſame Principle in the mind: But as to the World, the one ſhews it ſelf in ſmall things, and the other in great. A man may be liberal out of a ſmall Fortune, but to be Magnificent, there muſt be Opulency, and Plenty; for Magnificence lies properly in the glory of the work. If a Man ſhould ſell a Jewel, and give the product of it to Charitable uſes, this man is rather ſaid to be Liberal than Magnifi-

Magnificent: But if he ſhould beſtow the value of that Jewel upon the building of a Church, a Chappel, or any other ſplendid and publick Structure, he is then ſaid to be Magnificent. Under this Head are comprehended all works of great expence, which relate to Divine Worſhip, common Utility, publick Exerciſes and Entertainments. In things of this quality, there muſt be a proportion kept betwixt the Charge and the Eſtate. For where a man Borrows to Build; and runs himſelf in Debt, for the reputation of a great Name; ſuch a work is not to paſs for a Magnificence, but a Folly. He is the only Liberal and Magnificent perſon, who takes from himſelf, whatſoever he beſtows, or expends upon others.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Of Fortitude: The Duties of it. A man of Reſolution does contemn death.

I. SUCH is the ſoftneſs, and the Infirmity of Humane Nature, that if it were not for this Vertue of Fortitude, we ſhould all of us moſt ſhamefully abandon our Stations, and never ſo much as dare look Danger in the face. It is commonly divided into Active and Paſſive; the one emboldning us to encounter all difficulties, and the other enabling us to ſupport them. It is not the part of a man of true courage, raſhly to throw himſelf into unneceſſary hazards, but generouſly to bear up againſt Misfortune when it comes. He does not pray for terrible encounters, but he laughs at them; when others are dejected, he holds up his head, and keeps his legs

legs when others are at their length upon the ground. It is not Dishonour, Repulse, Exile, Oppression; no, not Prisons, Tortures, nor even Death it self that can startle him: He has a greatness of mind, that sets him above all Passions, Distempers and Calamities whatsoever. He is not to be wrought upon to do an ill thing, by all the fair and foul means imaginable; Let there be never so many Rubs in his way, he presses forward still; acquits himself of duty, and goes thorow with his work, in despight of all Impediments. He stands upright under any burthen whatsoever, and scorns to go before, when Power, Terrour, and Violence shall have done their worst upon him. His Vertue carries him through all dangers; and what he suffers by the way, he matters not, so he comes at last to his journeys end.

II. AS men at Sea, in fair weather, are still fitting and providing for a storm, so should we in Good Fortune, be still providing and fortifying our selves against the injuries of Bad. And this is to be done by putting the case at worst before-hand, and trying our selves upon the supposition, as if we were upon the real experiment. *My Children are all dead, the Vessel's lost, I am Banished, Wounded, Tormented, Diseas'd, Calumniated, Disgraced.* Well! and what does all this now amount to, more than what I have foreseen and contemned before? Our Joys and our Tears are allotted us from Eternity; and what variety soever there may appear in the Circumstances and Accidents of our lives, all comes to this in the up-shot; such as we are our selves, such are the things we have received, Transitory and Mortal. Now what cause is here of displeasure or complaint, if when we have lost all that belongs to us, we are yet our selves, whole

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and entire? Life it ſelf is a Debt, and when God calls for it in, is it not better to make a voluntary payment, than to be forced to't? *Epicurus* is of opinion, that a *Wiſe man may be happy upon the Wrack*, and take pleaſure even in *Phalarus* his Bull. This is a bold word, and yet no more than we find verified in the conſtancy of divers of our Martyrs; who have died at the Stake with ſo much chearfulneſs, as if they had felt nothing at all of the Torment. To him that truly loves God, all Pains are turned into Comforts.

III. THE thing, which of all others, moſt ſtaggers our Reſolution, is Death; and I do not at all wonder at the difficulty of bringing the mind to a contempt of *Life*, conſidering that (ſhort of Heaven) it is of all comforts incomparably the greateſt Bleſſing. And yet it is not either for a Wiſe man, or for a Chriſtian, to reckon Death in the number of Evils; which is, it ſelf, the end of Evils; and the beginning of Life everlaſting. Why ſhould any man be afraid to die, that is to live again? Or why ſhould he be afraid to die, that is ſure to die? In matters that are doubtful, we may be allow'd our hopes and fears: But Certainties are only to be expected, and *none but Madmen, will ſtruggle with invincible Neceſſity.* Children, and ſtark Fools, we ſee, have little or no apprehenſion of Death; and ſhall not our Reaſon then carry us as far as their Folly? Death is one Condition of Life; and he that has entred into the Obligation, muſt ſubmit to the Condition.

IV. NATURE has been ſo kind, as to allow us the uſe and benefit of all her Creatures for a certain ſeaſon; when the time is out, let us contentedly depart; and according to the courſe of Providence, let one Generation make room for another.

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Where is the Wise man, that if it were offered him at the last gasp, to live his Life over again, and to run through all the smother of his Mothers Belly, the crudity and folly of his Infancy, the Terrours of his Childhood, the hazzards of his Youth, the cares of his Riper state, and the laborious irksomeness of Old Age. Where is the Wise man, I say, that would accept of life again upon these terms? Let us therefore consider whither we are going, and what we leave behind us. If we were in despair of a better Life, we might then be pardoned the dread we have of the end of this. The truth of it is, we have mispent our time in Vanity and Sin, without laying up any thing in this World, to give us a hopeful prospect of the next: We should not otherwise stand trembling on the brink of Eternity; if it were not for Death, a good man had better never have been born.

V. NO man entertains Death so chearfully, as he that has been a long time preparing himself for it; for frequent Meditation makes it familiar and easie to us, (I had almost said, and welcome.) It is not the number of days and years that makes a long Life, but a well composed mind. A Soul that rejoyces to think of leaving the Body, and returning to him that gave it. *He that dies well, has liv'd long enough; and no man can fail of dying well, that has liv'd well.* He that would die in peace, must wean himself from all the satisfactions of this World before-hand. What has he to fear, that has already stript himself of more than Death could have taken from him? If we would make Life pleasant, we must cast off all care of that too, and then let Death come in any shape and welcome, whether we are dispatch'd by a Sword, or a Fever, it is the same thing. No man is so happy both in Life and Death,

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as he that can every day say to himself, *I have lived*; for all that follows, is another Life to him in surplusage. *He that would live comfortably, must die daily.*

CHAP. XXIX.

Of Magnanimity. The Discription of a Magnanimous man.

I. MAGNANIMITY is an Heroical Vertue, of an indefatigable force, and undaunted courage, and never without some glorious design: There is somewhat extraordinary, methinks, in the very sound of it. If it were not for this Vertue, most of the rest would fall short of their ends, for want of Resolution to grapple with the difficulties they are to encounter. This is it that inspires us with great and generous Inclinations, that animates and supports us in all hazards and extremities, and, with God's assistance, breaks through all oppositions, till it has placed us in the possession of what we desire. He that would make himself considerable, must offer at something that is so. *The more Danger, the more Honour. Man, when he is truly himself, can do more than we think for.*

II. GREAT minds are always intent upon great matters: Not what the common people call great, for that they look upon as despicable. Their care is to do things that are Honourable in the sight of their own Consciences, but whether the World gives or refuses them the Honour they deserve, it matters not; unless in care where duty, or the glory of God requires the contrary. Their business

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is Vertue, not Oſtentation; and the reward of well-doing, they find in the Action it ſelf, without depending upon the Voice of the people. They are Eminent above others, and Invincible, and unalterably ſteady in all Fortunes; no Intruders into high places, but content in their own Stations. They are above Submiſſions and entreaties to other people, for they need nothing but what they find in themſelves. They know neither Fear nor Flattery; and when they put themſelves forward, to be taken notice of, it is not for Vanity ſake, but to juſtifie the cauſe of Religion and Vertue. And yet in all this height of Spirit and Reſolution toward men, they are to God-ward the humbleſt and the meekeſt of all Mortals. To him it is that they aſcribe all, from whom they have received all; acknowledging, that of themſelves, they have nothing, they can do nothing. they are nothing, Provided that a man thinks ſoberly and humbly of himſelf, he may be allowed to take ſome delight (with modeſty) in the good opinion of other people. It is not well to hunt or court Applauſe; but if it follows us, neither are we to reject it.

III. A great Mind preſſes to his end, thorow the thickeſt of his Enemies, and upon the very points of their Weapons, without any ſtop or heſitation. His behaviour toward his Equals or Inferiors, is Temperate and Modeſt. Towards his Superiors, he is neither ſlaviſh nor inſolent: He never paſſes the bounds of Decency and Reſpect; but on the other ſide he is not to be trampled upon. Where he Loves or Hates, he owns it publickly, and takes the ſame freedom in his Actions and Diſcourſes; for there is nothing in this World, that he either hopes for, or fears. He does many things that other people do, but not the ſame way, and therefore

therefore he's upon the Reserve with the Multitude, for he takes no pleasure at all in their acquaintance. He does not willngly remember Injuries, and where they cannot be avoided, bears them without any complaints or submissions. There are not many that he commends, nor many that he would be commended by; but his care is nevertheless, to do things that are worthy of Commendation. No man has him at his beck but his Friend, or his Superiour. He wonders at nothing, and the reason is, he meets not with any thing which appears to him, either Great or New. In case of Accidents, he is safe within himself, and so the event of things never troubles him. In his motion, spirit and stile, he is grave, slow, steady and composed. He that has but little to do, may do it at leisure; and there is no place for much earnestness where a man is content within himself.

CHAP. XXX.

Of Patience; the Occasions and Effects of it. The Signs of it. An Exhortation to it, with instructions how to behave our selves in Adversity. The necessity of Perseverance.

I. PATIENCE is a Vertue that enables us to bear Adversity with Equality of mind; but because there are several sorts of Adversities, there are likewise several Names given to Patience, answerable to the variety of evils which it is to be exercised upon. Patience properly so called, is the Gift of bearing Injuries, without perturbation, and with courage. When it relates to the loss of Goods and Fortune, it is called *Æquanimity*: And that which keeps up the heart, in

In the delays and disappointments of some expected Good, we call Longanimity. But the Vertue which fortifies us to all other purposes, and supports us in all Afflictions and Calamities, Forreign or Domestick, Publick or Private, is known by the name of Constancy; the vertue of all others that we have most occasion for. It is not for nothing that the Life of man is called a Warfare, considering how we are beset with Adversaries, and what troops of mischiefs break in daily upon us. Not a moment passes without an Assault, without a Combate; and if we had no Enemies abroad, we should yet find work enough to do with those in our own bosoms. We breed, and we harbour Enemies within ourselves, that crucifie and torment us. We come weeping into the World, and so we live in it, and so we leave it. It is the first thing we learn, and we can find tears, when we are capable of nothing else. We have heard of divers that never laugh'd, but not of any man yet that never wept, it concerns us therefore to arm our selves with Patience, without which, we can neither be resolute nor perfect: No man knows the value of it, till he reads it; that is to say, till he falls into Tribulation. *Never was any wise man Impatient.*

II. HE that never experimented *ill Fortune*, has the more to fear. Physicians tell us, that there may be too good a habit of Body, and that nothing is more dangerous than a Plethory. So at Sea, a dead calm is commonly the fore-runner of a Storm. If we lie under the lash of cross Accidents, we are not to reckon upon it as a Cruelty, or a Persecution; but a contest: Without a skirmish, there can be no Victory; and without a Victory, no Triumph. Now if *Christ himself was to suffer, and so to enter into his Glory*, shall we pretend to go scot-free, and be made par-

partakers of what another has purchased, *Gratis?* He that thinks to go to Heaven any other way, does most miserably deceive himself. *To do good, and to suffer ill, is the Sacramental Oath of a Christian.* To come now to the signs of a perfected Patience. He that has attained that point, bears whatsoever befalls him, without reluctation; he does not murmur under the rod, nor return evil for evil. He loves his Enemies, and prays for those that persecute him: He sees the hand of God in his Afflictions; and either says nothing at all, or appeals only to Heaven for relief, with a submission to suffer, whatsoever the Almighty shall see fit to lay upon him, with joy and thanksgiving. To conclude, *It is a high degree of Patience, to bear with the imperfections of a weak Brother.*

III. IN the loss of worldly goods, it is no small comfort, to consider the frail and uncertain condition of them. Whatsoever we possess, whatsoever we love, is Naturally Fugitive. It is with us indeed, but it is not properly ours: And we are not to fool our selves into a passion for an imaginary stability, we our selves are not firm to any thing, neither can we expect that any thing should be so to us, Vertue only excepted, which Immortalizes, even our Mortality; all other things carry their death along with them. Let us therefore keep a distance between our Possessions and our selves: For when they come to mingle and incorporate, he that takes our Estate, takes heart and all. *A good man cannot be properly said to lose any thing*; for whatsoever can be taken from him, is no part of himself; but an Accessary or Circumstance, that whether it stays or goes, he esteems himself neither the richer, nor the poorer for. What a deal of pudder we make, what outeries and lamentations, for the loss of a summ

of money, the death of a Child, the firing of a House but we can part with our Modesty, our Honesty, our Constancy, and never so much as change colour for't: And yet here we lose a substantial good; and what's our own too; whereas in the other case we lose neither: He that grieves for such a loss, deserves no better. If it were not for an inordinate love, we should not account that we had lost anything. What are outward things to the inward man or what correspondence betwixt Wisdom and Money?

IV. IT would do very well, in whatsoever we go about, to take in all the Adjuncts that attend it for there are many circumstances, that for want of foresight and precaution, may come to trouble us *I call my servant*, it may be he's out of the way, or does not do as I would have him. *I'm to make a visit*, who knows but the man may lock himself up or shut the door against me, and refuse to be seen Suppose this before-hand, and all's well. *It is the wambling of a Nauseous mind (the Ladies disease) to stand pittering, because (forsooth) I could not be admitted, as well as such an one: I could not get so much a one word with him: I was even crouded down to the lower end of the Table, &c.* He that is not affected with this, takes no notice at all of it; and he that does not understand it to be mere matter of course, is a very great stranger certainly to the Affairs of Humane life: if we can amend it, let us: if not, let us bear it. We are apt to exclaim against the Malice, the Wickedness, the Impudence of the Age we live in And we do very well in it, if we can but reform the World, and drive before us all the Fools and Knaves out of it. But if this will not be, we had even as good say nothing: It is no new thing for people to go on in their own way: Why do we not re-

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er turn the blame upon our ſelves, for expecting
y better? The World was never otherwiſe, nor
er will be; but faults there muſt be, as long as
ere are men.

V. HE that labours under any Affliction, ſhould
nſider, not ſo much what he ſuffers, as what he
s done; and what he now takes for a ſeverity,
ill be then found to be a mercy: And that it is
id upon him, by Almighty God, for his good;
at is to ſay, that God chaſtiſes him to humble
im, try him, harden him, and bring him to him-
lf. They that take their fill of pleaſure in this
orld, are commonly reſerved for torments in the
ext. He that wallows in Abundance and Plenty,
ho knows how he would behave himſelf in a con-
ition of Want and Penury? or with what conſtan-
y man would abide the Rage and *Odium* of the peo-
le, that has grown old in the enjoyments of popu-
r Honour and Applauſe? we are forward enough
o offer Conſolation, and give good Counſel to o-
ers in diſtreſs: Why do we not rather apply to
ur own diſcontents, and turn the advice upon our
elves? in the caſe of the Body, we can part with
limb to a Surgeon, and give him thanks to, and
reward for his pains: *Affliction is Gods remedy*, and
o leſs neceſſary to the Soul, than burning or ſtar-
ing is to the body: And yet here we are apt to
utter and repine; and to miſtake that for a loſs,
r a miſery, which both in the intention, and in the
ffect, is a cure. If Poverty, Sickneſs, and whatſo-
ver elſe we call evil, might but be ſuppoſed to en-
er into an Expoſtulation, and ſhould ask us, *Gen-
lemen, what's your quarrel to us? what hurt have we
one you? have we taken away any of your Prudence,
uſtice, Fortitude, or any thing elſe that was good, and
u could call your own? may you not live as merrily with*

us, as without us? we must lay our Fingers upon our Mouths, and answer only in Silence. The matter duly weighed, we take good for evil, and evil for good. And *the greatest of our Misfortunes is our Impatience.*

VI. IN another Bodies case, one may dissemble a Resolution and Constancy of Mind, but hardly in our own. *We are to weep with those that weep*; but though our Tears be in common, it does not follow that the cause of them must be so too. We are as much as in us lies, to comfort and succour the afflicted. If any Man does us an Injury, let us consider, that, *Every thing has two Handles*; a *right and a wrong*; and take it by the right, *The Man is unjust.* If we take it by that way, there follows Animosity and Violence. But then on the other side, *he's one for whom Christ died*; *redeemed by the same precious Blood with our selves, and called out to the same Glory.* The turning of our Thoughts this way, quiets all. We likewise pass this Reflection upon it; in the matter of Reproof, we may sooner hear the Truth from an Enemy, than from a Friend; for it is his business to find Faults, and to explore our Infirmities, even more than we do our selves. If we do any thing that we should not do, or neglect any thing that we should do, we shall be sure to hear of it from him, and to have the Town ring on't. Let us therefore make profit of his Enmity, and look to our selves, we shall be the more circumspect, when we know that we have a Spy upon us.

VII. *PERSEVERANCE is the Crown and Perfection of all Vertues. The reward is promised to Beginners, but is delivered to those that persevere.* Wherefore, above all things, let us be firm to our selves in the mounting of a steep Hill, if we come once to

o ſtop, we ſlip; and inſtead of ſtanding our ground, we ſlide down again. Let us reſolve what we are to do, and purſue it; for 'tis to no purpoſe at all, to do any thing by fits. It is a great weakneſs of mind, to be always upon the Ramble, and in queſt of new Company, new Exerciſes, new Places; when the Fault's in our ſelves, not in the Climate, or other Circumſtances. The Plant that's often removed, withers; and the very change of Remedies, turns into a Diſeaſe. If the Bleſſed Apoſtle found himſelf at a loſs, in the Contemplation of his Duty; what will become of us then, whoſe Vertues are ſcarce comparable even to his Imperfections? The love of Learning is never to be extinguiſhed. The love of Riches never to be ſatisfied. The love of Honour never to be allayed: So that there's no end of our greedineſs after things that are in themſelves ſhort-liv'd and uncertain; but when we come to the divine and everlaſting Wiſdom, the leaſt touch and reliſh of it, cloys us. This is not according to his Precept, that ſays, *Be you perfect, as your Heavenly Father is perfect.* He that looks up to that pattern, ſhall never want place for the increaſe of his Vertue.

CHAP. XXXI.

Of Temperance; How much Modeſty contributes to it. Of Abſtinence and Chaſtity.

THE Pleaſures that ariſe from the Taſte and Touch, are under the Government of Temperance; which only approves of thoſe that are neceſſary, and according to right Reaſon; and declares againſt all that's Artificial and Superfluous.

The infallible Rule she proceeds by, is this: To take that for a measure in what concerns the Body, which Nature has made necessary; and never for Pleasures sake, to admit of any Pleasure. This is it, that keeps a Man from degenerating into a Beast: To this of Temperance, the Vertue of Modesty does very much conduce. It is the Bridle of corrupt Motions, the Index of good Nature, the Guardian of Purity, the Witness of Innocence. Where Modesty has taken Possession, there enters not so much as an unclean Thought; much less an unlawful Act. It teaches us to stand in awe of the Presence of God within us, and of our own Consciences: And charms us with the Contemplation of those Celestial Beauties, that illustrate all the works of Temperance. The Man that is truly and perfectly Modest, will not indure so much as the name of Intemperance; his House serves him only for a Covering, not a Concealment; as it does to some others, who lock themselves up, not that they may live more securely, but sin more privately. But alas! what does it avail us, to shun the Eyes, and the Ears of Men; when God sees us; and our Consciences accuse us.

II. THE Vertues of moderating the use of Meat and Drink, we call Abstinence, and Sobriety. But as to what concerns the Touch, we call it Chastity and Modesty. In the use of Meats, it is a easy thing for a Man to keep himself within the bounds of bare Necessity; for the Belly has no Ears, hears no Counsel, and will be still craving and calling upon us for daily Relief; but at how easy a rate we might discharge our selves of this Importunity, not one Man of a thousand takes into his Thought. Instead of gratifying the Necessities of Nature, we are on the other side putting a force upon

upon her, to make her ſubſervient to us in our Luxury; by Irritating that Hunger and Thirſt with Artificial Provocatives; which ſhould rather have been laid, and pacified, by Remedies Plain and Natural. The Vertue of Chaſtity is yet of greater difficulty among ſo many incentives to Luſt, without the ſingular Grace of God. We muſt keep our ſelves out of all Temptations; ſet a Guard upon our Senſes, and preſerve a profound Reverence for our ſelves; for he that has no reſpect for himſelf, will hardly have it for any Body elſe. Let us have a care of our Eyes; for *many a Man has been engag'd e're he was aware, to love in ſpite of his Heart.* If it be Beauty, or Woman, that we love, there is nothing certainly in the World, that is ſo falſe and fading. Take her in all her Charms and Glories, and 'tis but the work of one ſingle moment, to turn all her Graces into Deformities; all her Sweetneſs into Corruption, and her very ſelf into worſe than nothing. We muſt flie ill Company too, and Idleneſs, and mortify our Bodies by Faſting and Diſcipline. *In a very ill Condition is the Soul of that Man, that takes too much Care of his Carkaſs.*

CHAP. XXXII.

Of Meekneſs and Clemency: The Excellency, and the Duties of both.

I. IT is the Office and the Property of Meekneſs or Gentleneſs, to moderate the violence of Anger, and keep it within the limits of Humanity and Reaſon. Anger is as a Sword in the Hand of Nature, for the Terrour and Puniſhment of Offenders. Now it is as great a Cruelty to ſpare all, as

to ſpare none; for Impunity gives an encouragement to Villany. When matters are come to an Extremity, and that Juſtice is to be done upon a Malefactor, there is yet place for Meekneſs and Clemency; and we are to ſhew a kind of Unwillingneſs and Compaſſion, even where there is a *neceſſity* of Puniſhment. We are grievous Sinners our ſelves, and as God hath dealt with us, ſo are we to behave our ſelves towards others; that is to ſay, with Tenderneſs and Forbearance, in hope of Amendment. God Almighty does not always proceed to Severity, but contents himſelf many times with our Repentance. It is a diſparagement to the Phyſician to deſpair of the Patient; for according to his Kindneſs and Skill, we are to judge of the facility of the Cure. Gentleneſs of Nature, to Anger, is like a Rock to the Sea, it breaks the fury of it. The Billows may rage and ſome, but the Rock ſtands firm, and they do but daſh and ſpend themſelves againſt it to no purpoſe. *Come unto me, and learn of me*; ſays our Bleſſed Saviour. And what are we to learn? not to cure the Sick; cleanſe the Lepers; give ſight to the Blind; or raiſe the Dead. But, *learn of me*, ſays he, *for I am meek*. Such is the Excellency of Meekneſs, as if the whole duty of Chriſtianity were comprehended in that Leſſon.

II. AS Meekneſs moderates Anger, ſo Clemency moderates Puniſhment. The one is competible to all Men, the other belongs properly to Princes and Magiſtrates, in whoſe power it is to mitigate the ſeverity of Laws upon Offenders, and which they are to do without any reſpect to Fear, Profit, Friendſhip, or the like; but purely upon a principle of Generoſity and good Nature. Clemency is not only the Priviledge, the Honour, and the duty

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of a Prince, but it is likewiſe his Security; and better than all his Garriſons, Forts, and Guards, to preſerve himſelf and his Dominions in ſafety. When a Prince comes to be fear'd, he's hated; and when he comes once to be hated, the People wiſh him out of the World. His Strength lies not ſo much in his Arms and Magazines, as in the Hearts of his Subjects: For whoever contemns his own Life, is Maſter of another Mans. Many Executions are as great a Reproach to a Government, as many Funerals to a Phyſician. That Prince is truly Royal, who maſters himſelf; looks upon all Injuries as below him; and governs by Equity and Reaſon, not by Paſſion. *The greateſt Minds are ever the moſt Serene and Quiet.*

CHAP. XXXIII.

Of Modeſty, Studies, and Divertiſements.

I. THERE is not any thing, that does better become a well qualified mind, than Modeſty. It is the Beauty of Honeſty, and the Check of Wickedneſs; and ſhews it ſelf in the very Habit and Geſture, without a word ſpeaking: 'Tis a ſtrange diſcovery that a man makes of himſelf, even in the ſmalleſt things; in a look, a ſmile, a caſt of the Eye, a particular manner of walking: But whatever the World may gather from theſe Circumſtances, let us be ſure that they may read Chriſtianity in our Lives. In all our Motions, Geſtures, Words, Countenances, there is a certain Gracefulneſs or Medium to be obſerved, betwixt Affectation and Effeminacy on the one ſide, and a Clowniſh Harſhneſs on the other. True Modeſty paſſes from the Mind, into the Body, and influences all our External Acti-

Actions, with its Internal Gravity of Manners. A modeſt Man is the lively Image of God; his very looks compoſe us. There is both Beauty in it, and Benefit. There is a Modeſty to be uſed in our very Cloaths, Houſhold-ſtuff, Furniture, number of Servants; which are all to be ſuited to our condition. Theſe may paſs for the Ornaments of our Bodies and Houſes, but they are the Impediments of our Minds; why do we glory then in Misfortune and Vanity, and in the Multitude of our Diſtractions? A man has as many Enemies as Servants: There are ſo many Spies upon him; their buſineſs is to pry into our Actions, not to wait upon our Commands. They come humble into a Family; they grow inſolent in it, and moſt odious when they go out of it.

II. THERE are two ends of Studiouſneſs. The one is to attemper the Inordinate deſire of Knowledge; the other is to quicken and excite us, to the learning of things profitable and neceſſary: We are all of us given to be ſearching and curious, by Nature; who knows well enough the Beauty and the Artifice of her own work, the Structure of the Univerſe; and therefore has made us Spectators of it, that ſo much excellency might not lie dead and fruitleſs in Solitude. But inſtead of improving this Goodneſs of Nature, we abuſe it; and ſpend thoſe faculties upon Impertinent and dangerous Curioſities, which were given us for nobler ends. Wiſdom does not conſiſt in knowing much, but in knowing things that we are the better for; and thoſe things in the firſt place that concern our Salvation: Not that I am againſt Human Learning neither; provided, that a good uſe be made of whatever we read toward the ordering of our Lives and Manners. In the reading of many Books, we

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are apt to take up a Rambling humour of skipping from one thing to another, and swallowing abundance; but we digest nothing. Whereas we should rather pitch upon some certain Authors; take what's good out of them; read them over and over, and study them, if we would have any thing stick by us. Variety of reading, may be pleasant; but it is the steady and certain Application of our Studies, that improves us.

III. AND yet we are not to be so intent upon our Studies neither, as never to give our selves breath and respit. The Mind is to be sometimes unbent; for there is no living without Intervals of Rest. We see that in all places, there are days of Recreation set apart, by Authority, for the Refreshment and Relief of the people. Now the mind may be several ways divertised, according to the disposition of the person, and according to the occasions. Some peoples thoughts and spirits are raised by nothing more than a pleasant walk in the open Air; others again are for the delight of Rivers & Groves; som for a Country-Retreat, out of the dust and tumult of the City; others are for Hawking, Hunting; or the more harmless sport perchance of Fishing. Nay, the very passing from one Study to another, as from Mathematicks, for the purpose, to a Consort of Musick, is a great Relief. Some are for Entertainments of Wits, as Comedies, or honest Games, as Chess, Tables, *&c.* But nothing better than a chearful and Ingenious Conversation, that keeps it self within the bounds of Honour and Modesty. Some there are of so sour and critical a temper; so morose and insociable, that they'd sooner be guilty of a mortal Sin, than of a Jest. Others, on the contrary, are never out of Company; but perpetually upon the Droll, and playing the Buffoons. Now these extreams are

stark

ſtark naught, unleſs they be ſo qualified and temper'd that the one may ſerve as a cure to the other. To be always in company, or always alone, is not well; but when we are weary of the one, we may have recourſe to the other. And ſo it is with Labour and Idleneſs; when we are weary of working, let's lie down and reſt; when we are ſick of doing nothing, let's up and work. Some there are, that have no Government over themſelves at all; but when they are upon the fit of ſtudying, day and night is too little for them, till they have read themſelves faint and blind: And as ſoon as that humour is ſpent, they fall into the contrary extream of Diſſolution and Lazineſs; and are as hard now to be reclaimed from the one, as they were before, to be diverted from the other. This comes to paſs, becauſe we proceed by leaps, and fly from one Contrary to the other; for want of ſetting to our ſelves certain Rules and Bounds, which we are not to tranſgreſs. Exceſs, or the over-doing of any thing, is enough to turn even good into evil.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Of Humility, wherein it conſiſts. The knowledg of our Selves. The true Character of an Humble Man.

I. HUMILITY is a Vertue, that comes from Chriſt himſelf, who publiſhed it by his Doctrine, and taught it by his Example. Next to Vertues Theological and Intellectual, it holds the firſt place; for it overthrows Pride, which is the fountain of all evil. It makes us acceptable to God, whoſe communication is with the humble: Without this foundation, our whole ſpiritual building falls

falls to the ground. The name of it, 'tis true, does not seem to import any great matter; but it is the Vertue nevertheless, without which no man can be either great or perfect. It is that which puts us upon Illustrious Exploits, without danger of being puft up; upon difficulties and hazards, without fear; nay, and without so much as a change of countenance or temper. Humility does not lie (as the People imagine) in the mere contempt and abjection of our selves; but also in the just and moderate pursuit of Honour and Glory: of Glory, not for Ostentation, but for the Vertue it self: of which, that Glory is the reward; *all other Glory is false and spurious*, and not worthy so much as of his thought, that knows the value of things, and perfectly understands himself. The Humble man knows too well, (to affect Honour in it) how little it is that he can contribute out of his own; to the works of Vertue: Beside that, he is afraid of seeking, even the Honour that he deserves, for fear of being insensibly drawn in, to covet more than his due. There can be no less in *despising of Honour, since it is great Honour to refuse it; and greater yet, to contemn it.*

II. THE reason why we are not humble is, because *We do not know our selves*: And we will sooner believe a mistake in our own breasts, than if it came to us from the furthest quarters of the Earth. *What is man?* a weak and sickly body; a pitiful, helpless Creature, exposed to all the Injuries of Times and Fortune; a mass of Clay and Corruption, prone to all wickedness, and of so perverse and deprav'd a judgment, as to prize Earth above Heaven; Temporal Pleasures, before Eternal Felicities: *Every man living is altogether Vanity.* He is one of the most frail, one of the most furious, lustful and timorous Creatures of the Creation: What have we then to be

proud

Proud of? considering our misery and shame, which we should most certainly consider, if we had but the least spark of Reason in us. *We can never be perfectly humble, till we come to a perfect understanding of our selves.*

III. IT is not enough for us to be humble, but we must be vile in our own eyes, distrustful of our selves, and ascribe all Glory and Honour to God. He that is humble, takes pleasure in the contempt of himself, and is only proud of not being affected with applause. He judges of himself, by what's his own, and he values others, by what they have received from God; so that he always lessens himself in the comparison. This is his practice, to set his own faults against his Neighbours Vertues; by which Rule, the perfectest man alive, shall think worse of himself than of another. He is obedient to his Superiours, not wedded to his own will: He confesses his infirmities; he bears all Indignities with patience; he does any good office, be it never so mean; he is neither singular nor talkative. He loves privacy, without any desire to be taken notice of; he draws himself into a narrow compass; and he places himself both above the World, and below it. He is modest and circumspect, and speaks little, but when he needs must, and that too with a countenance, rather disposed to sadness than mirth: One may read the humility of his heart, in his outside; his face is grave and modest; his Eyes cast down, like those of a guilty person before the great Tribunal: And betwixt the conscience of his sins, and the uncertainty of his pardon, not daring to lift them up to Heaven: He stands afar off, with the Publican in the Gospel, Crying, *Lord be merciful to me a Sinner.* To conclude, he trembles at the thought of himself; he despises the World, and

and all the glories of it; for *the whole Earth is as nothing to him that does not first over-value himself.*

CHAP. XXXV.

Of the state of the Perfect: The image of a perfect Man. The end of a perfect Life is Union with God.

I. HE that wants nothing, may be properly said to be perfect. And what can that man want, who is cleansed and purged from his sins, beautified with all divine Vertues, whose heart is set upon God, and his Soul united to him to Eternity? This is the top of Christian perfection, and the last end of Christianity it self, to be united to him who is the End and Author of our Being. But it is not for man to attain this End, without the special aid and assistance of God; and therefore there are but few that arrive at this perfection; for there are not many that entertain the Grace when 'tis offered them: but however, some there have been in all Ages.

II. WE may pronounce that man perfect, whom we see unshaken in dangers; untainted, with Lusts; chearful, in Adversity; happy, under Reproach; quiet, in a Storm; Free, Equal, Constant, Resolute, Generous, Empty of himself, and Full of God: And so much above the things of this World, that the Hopes and Fears, which are the Anxiety of other people, do but serve him for Divertisement and sport: His Comforts are out of the reach of Violence; and his very Misfortunes are for his good: He fears neither Disappointments nor Accidents: He values things by the Nature of them, and not by Opinion: He sees the World at his feet; he studies

dies, contemplates, and despises it, with an invincible tranquility of spirit; and yet his Soul keeps still her station, where she had her Original. It is with the Conversation of a Good man, as with the Beams of the Sun; which, though they strike the Earth, are nevertheless at the same time in the great Luminary that sends them; and so is the Soul of a perfect Christian in Heaven, at the same time that we enjoy his Company here below. His mind is like the state of the World above the Moon, ever serene and quiet. He knows neither Defects nor Variations; all Ages serve him. The Sun it self does not look upon the World more impartially than he does, and without cumbering his thoughts about many things; he takes up his rest in the simplicity and unity of God himself. He neither seeks nor wishes for any thing without himself; for he carries his happiness in his own breast. It is to God alone that he dedicates both his actions and life. He that walks by this Rule, knows what it is to be perfect.

III. IT is not for flesh and blood to arrive at this pitch without his helping-hand, who says, *Without me you are able to do nothing.* But there is likewise a necessity of precious Dispositions. An intimate union with God, is the Accomplishment of a perfect Life; and we must first cast off the darkness of the Creature; e're we presume to appear before him that dwells in an unaccessible Light. How shall any man think to partake of the joys of Heaven, so long as he carries the corruptions of Earth and Flesh about him? Every Pleasure, every Vanity, every Vicious Affection, is a *Remora* to him: It stops him in his full course, endangers the whole Lading, and keeps him from his Port. *God is unity, and takes no joy in a Soul that is divided.*

FINIS.